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ANC

NIGHTMARE



No. 3
TEN CENTS



The Scientist's Weird Obsession
The QUIVERING BRAIN

**WEREWOLF of
WASHINGTON SQUARE**

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Here's terrific fun. This super-streamliner soars 75 to 100 feet through space — quick as a wink! Tie messages to it and shoot it to a friend... for interplanetary communication! Vividly colored plastic, 10" long.



The WEREWOLF of WASHINGTON SQUARE



ERIC LUPIN WAS WEALTHY, HE HAD A HANDSOME HOUSE ON NEW YORK'S WASHINGTON SQUARE, A BEAUTIFUL FIANCEE AND A PROMISING FUTURE. BUT ERIC LUPIN WAS A SICK MAN; UNKNOWN TO HIMSELF HE SUFFERED FROM THAT MOST MYSTERIOUS AND TERRIBLE OF ALL DISEASES--

LYCANTHROPY!

EVERETT BRILLIANT KINSEY

IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS WASHINGTON SQUARE HOME, ERIC LUPIN ENTERTAINED HIS FIANCEE, BEAUTIFUL JANE NEWTON...

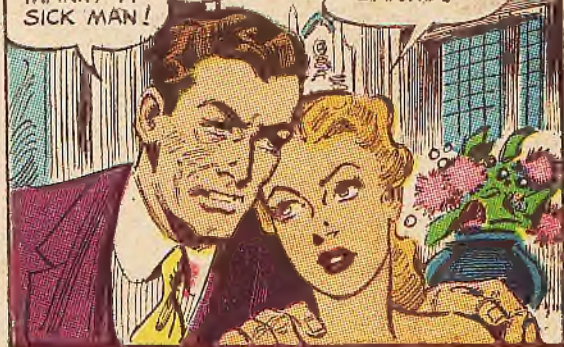
NATURALLY, JANE, I WANT TO BE MARRIED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR YEARS, ERIC. WE'VE SPENT ALL OUR LIVES IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

WHY SHOULD WE WAIT ANY LONGER? LET'S BE MARRIED TOMORROW!

THE TRUTH IS, JANE, THAT EVER SINCE MY VISIT TO EUROPE LAST SUMMER, I'VE BEEN FEELING OUT OF SORTS! I DON'T WANT YOU TO MARRY A SICK MAN!

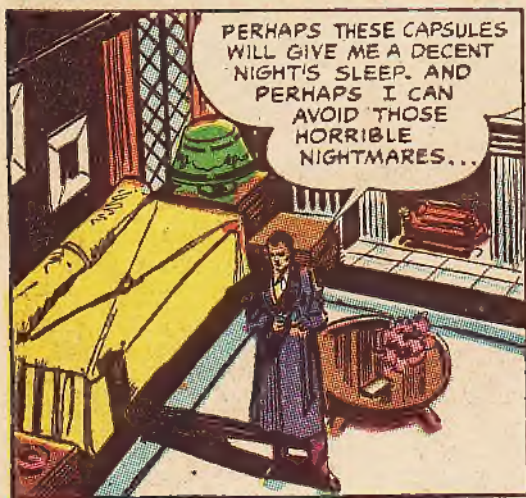
YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD AT YOUR LAW PRACTICE, ERIC! I'LL MAKE AN APPOINTMENT FOR YOU TO SEE DR. JARVIS!



ERIC TOOK JANE'S ADVICE...



AFTER A THOROUGH PHYSICAL EXAMINATION...



THE NIGHTMARE SEEMED SUDDENLY AS REAL AS LIFE ITSELF...



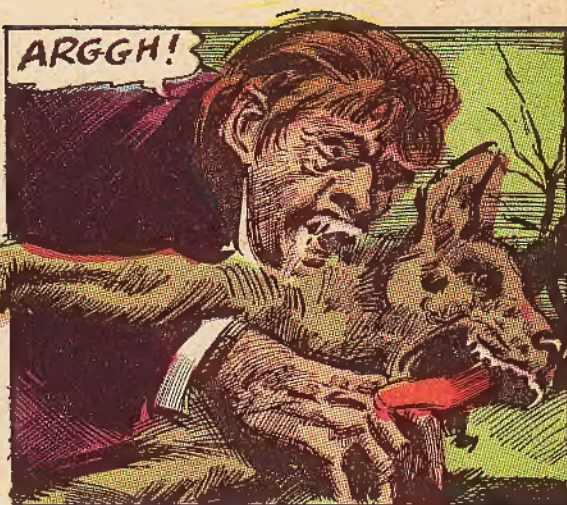


SEEING THE SCRATCHES ON HIS FACE REVEALED IN A MIRROR, ERIC WAS IN A PANIC TO FIND OUT WHETHER HIS NIGHTMARE HAD BEEN PHANTASY OR FACT...

BLOOD ON MY CLOTHES... SCRATCHES ON MY FACE... COULD IT HAVE BEEN REAL? IN MY DREAM I WAS NEAR THE ARCH... I MUST GO THERE TO SEE... TO SEE...



TWO NIGHTS LATER, ERIC WAS AGAIN IN THE GRIP OF HIS MANIA...



AS THE FIEND WHICH SEEMED TO POSSESS ERIC LOPED AWAY FROM THE DEAD BODY OF HIS VICTIM, HE RESOLVED NEVER TO ATTACK ANIMALS AGAIN. THEY FOUGHT TOO DESPERATELY. HIS NEXT VICTIM WOULD BE SOMETHING SOFTER, WEAKER, MORE EASILY SUBDUED AND KILLED...



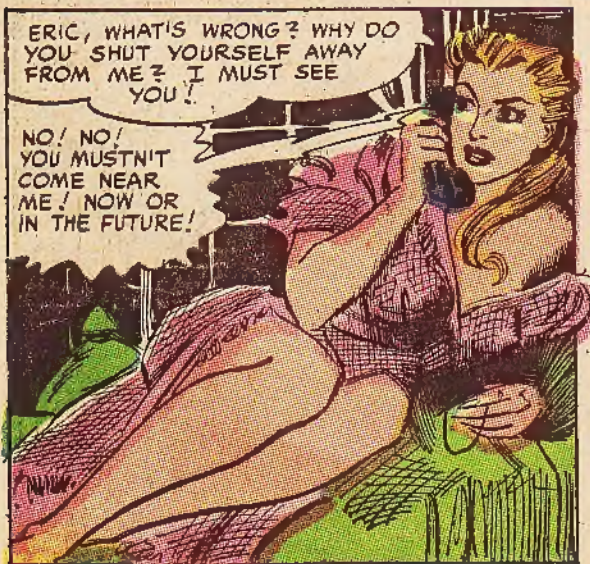
THE NEXT DAY...

I MUST STAY HIDDEN UNTIL MY FACE HEALS!



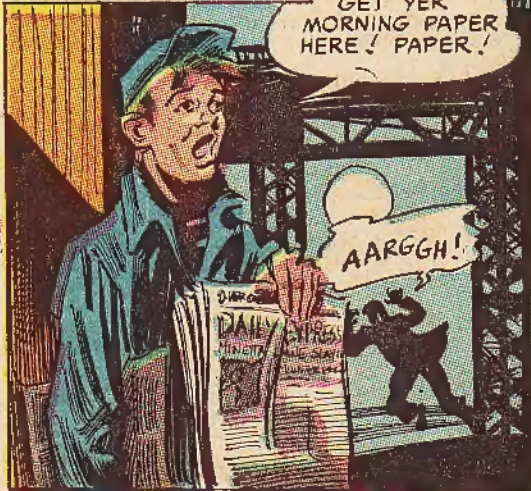
ERIC, WHAT'S WRONG? WHY DO YOU SHUT YOURSELF AWAY FROM ME? I MUST SEE YOU!

NO! NO! YOU MUSTN'T COME NEAR ME! NOW OR IN THE FUTURE!

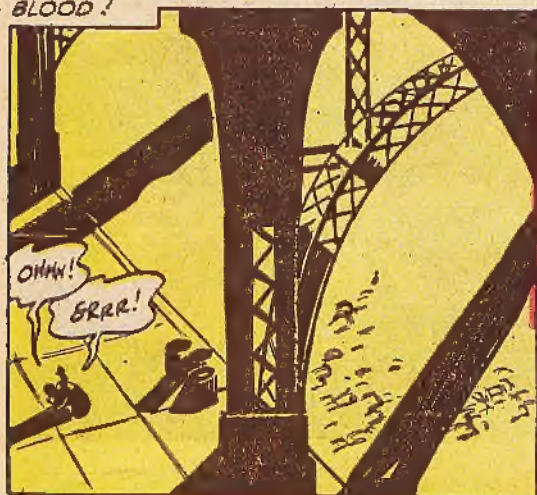


ERIC'S ATTACKS BEGAN TO INCREASE IN FREQUENCY, AND HIS PREY BECAME LARGER AND SAFER...

GET YER MORNING PAPER HERE! PAPER!



FOR THE FIRST TIME HE TASTED HUMAN BLOOD!

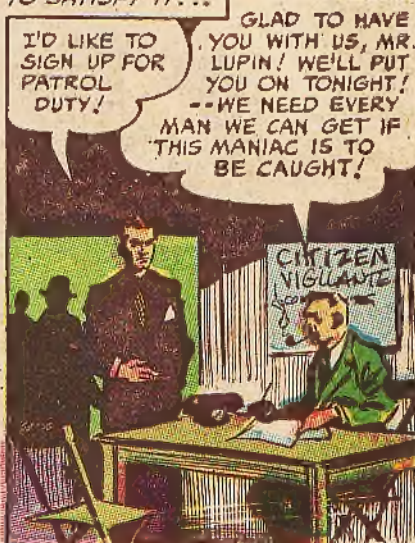


THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, HE ADDED ANOTHER VICTIM...

WHILE AN ENRAGED CITY SOUGHT HIM, ERIC KEPT TO HIS HOUSE...



BUT FINALLY, OVERWHELMED BY HIS MAD CRAVING, HE HIT UPON A PLAN TO SATISFY IT...



I'D LIKE TO SIGN UP FOR PATROL DUTY!

Glad to have you with us, Mr. Lupin! We'll put you on tonight! -- We need every man we can get if this maniac is to be caught!

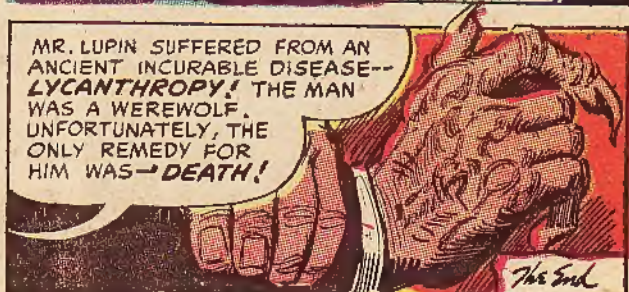
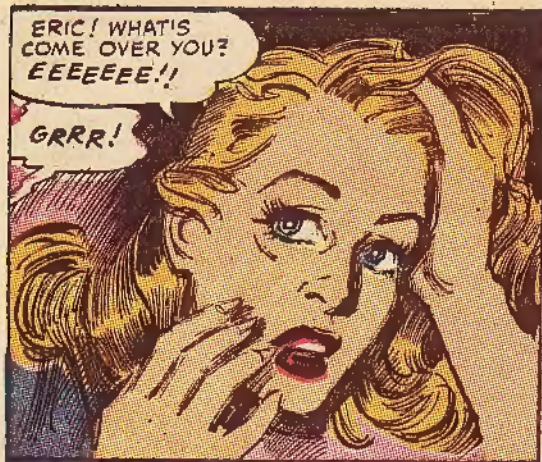
THROUGH THE SMALL HOURS BEFORE DAYBREAK, ERIC PATROLLED THE SQUARE, BUT NO POSSIBLE VICTIMS APPEARED. HIS MANIA WAS BECOMING UNBEARABLE...



ERIC! I COULDN'T SLEEP WITH WORRYING ABOUT YOU! AND THEN I SAW YOU IN FRONT OF MY HOUSE...

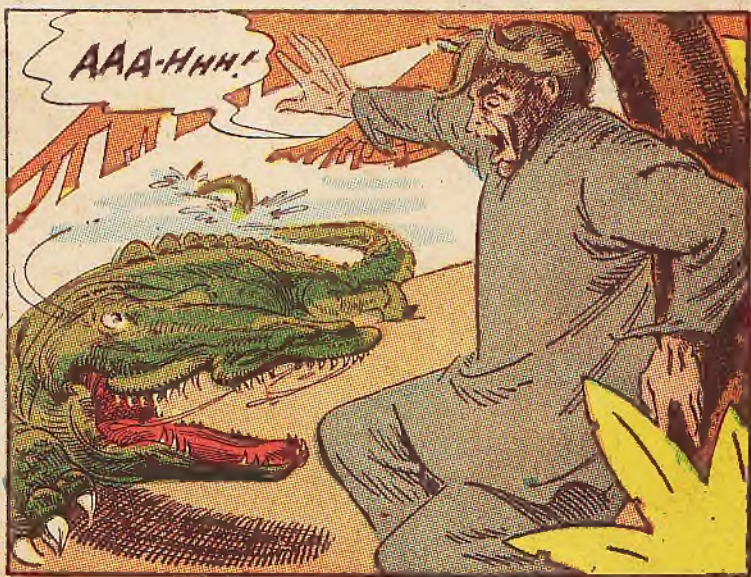
JANE! GO BACK! GO BACK! AAAARRRGH!



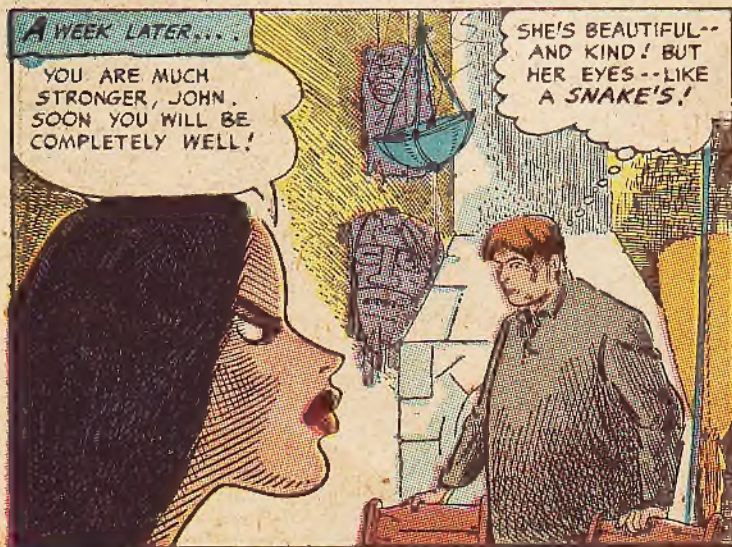


FLEEING FROM THE AFRICAN PRISON CAMP WHERE HE WAS A CONVICTED MURDERER, JOHN CARRACK, WRACKED BY HUNGER, THIRST, FEVER AND EXPOSURE IS VERY NEAR THE END OF HIS ROPE AS HE BATTLES THE JUNGLE. BUT THE TERRORS HE HAS SUFFERED ARE PLEASANT DAYDREAMS COMPARED TO THE FATE THAT AWAITS HIM IN A...

CUP of MOONGLOW

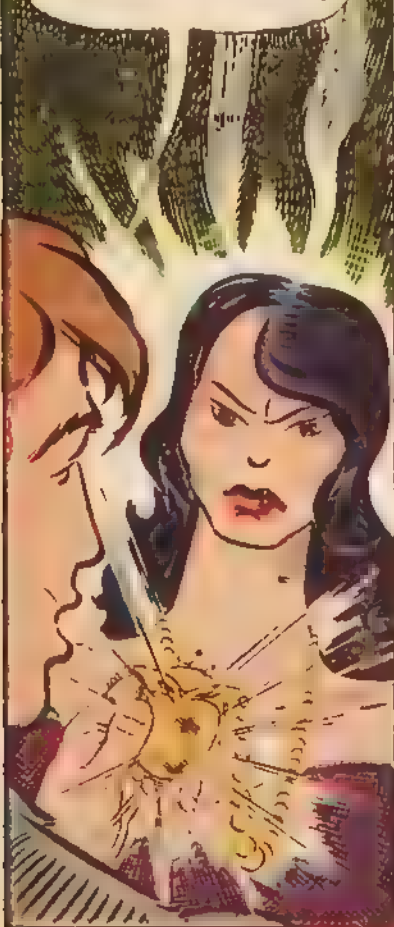


SUDDENLY, BEFORE THE FUGITIVE'S DAZED EYES, A BEAUTIFUL GIRL APPEARED. SHE SPOKE TO THE CROCODILE IN SOFT, SIBILANT, ALMOST HISSING ACCENTS...



ANOTHER WEEK PASSED, AND CARRACK REGAINED HIS NORMAL STRENGTH-- AND HIS NORMAL GREED!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NECKLACE YOU HAVE, SAURA! LET ME SEE IT!

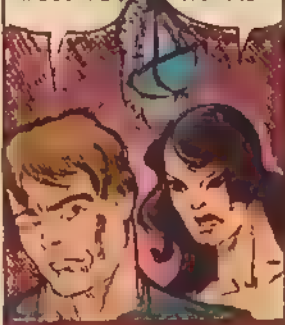


DON'T DARE TO TOUCH IT! IT IS SACRED, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



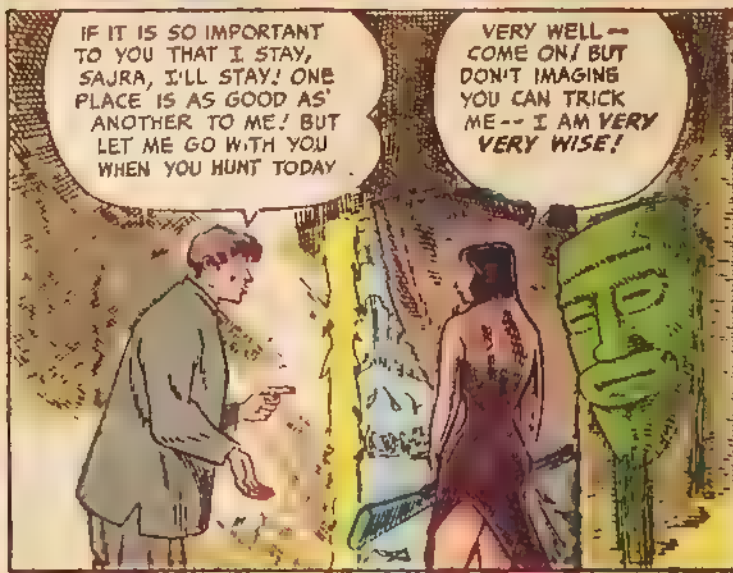
THANKS TO YOU, SAURA, I'M NOW STRONG ENOUGH TO CONTINUE MY JOURNEY!

NO! YOU CANNOT LEAVE! YOU BELONG TO ME, JOHN CARRACK!



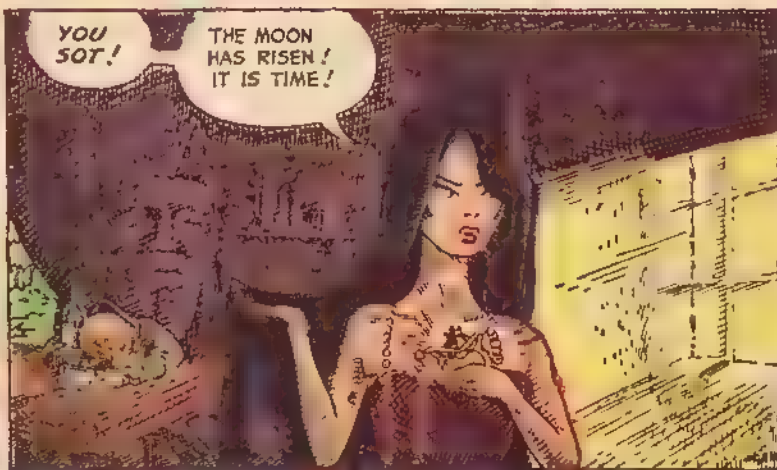
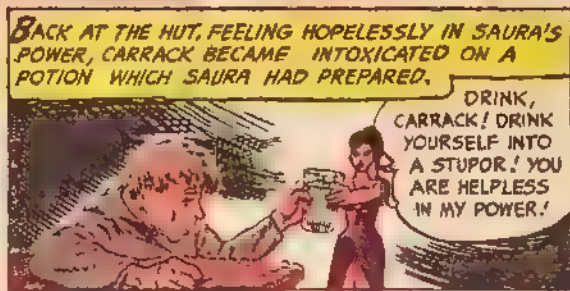
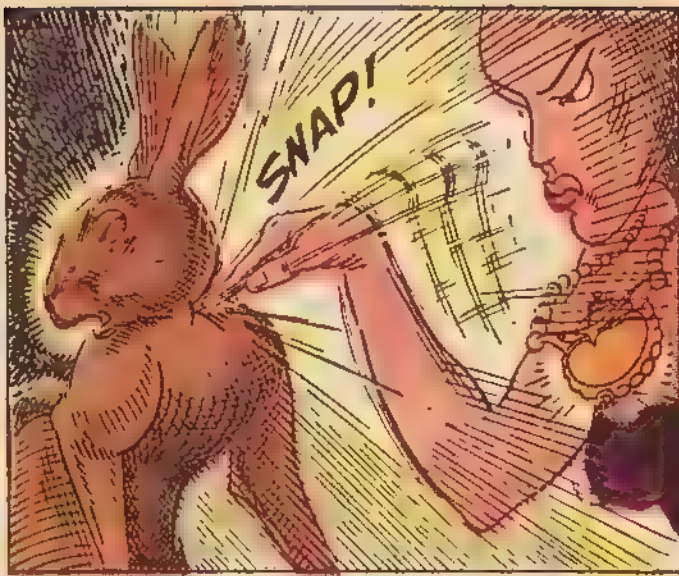
IF IT IS SO IMPORTANT TO YOU THAT I STAY, SAURA, I'LL STAY! ONE PLACE IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER TO ME! BUT LET ME GO WITH YOU WHEN YOU HUNT TODAY

VERY WELL-- COME ON! BUT DON'T IMAGINE YOU CAN TRICK ME-- I AM VERY VERY WISE!



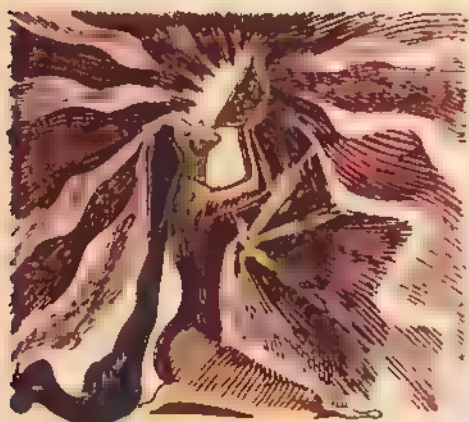
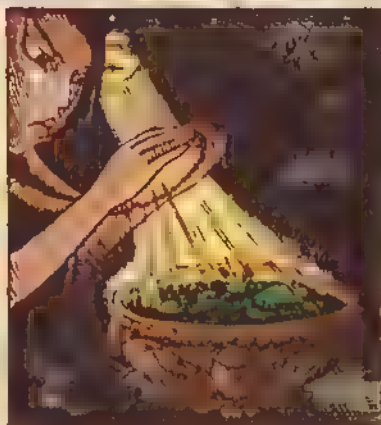
JUST IN CASE YOU SHOULD HAVE ANY PLANS, JOHN, LET ME SHOW YOU SOME OF MY POWERS!





AN HOUR LATER, CARRACK AWOKE
FROM HIS DRUNKEN STUPOR.

IT'S SAURA—
WH-WHAT'S THE
WITCH UP TO?

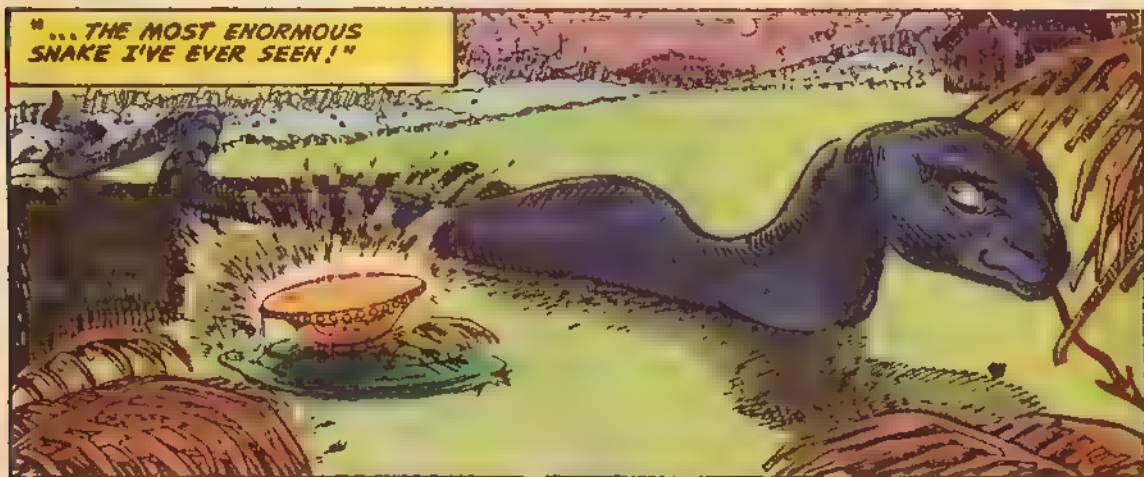


FOR A
MOMENT THE
MOONLIGHT
WAS DIMMED,
AND CARRACK'S
VISION WAS
OBSCURED.

SHE'S GONE—BUT WHAT'S
THAT MOVING
THERE? IT'S
A SNAKE...



"... THE MOST ENORMOUS
SNAKE I'VE EVER SEEN!"

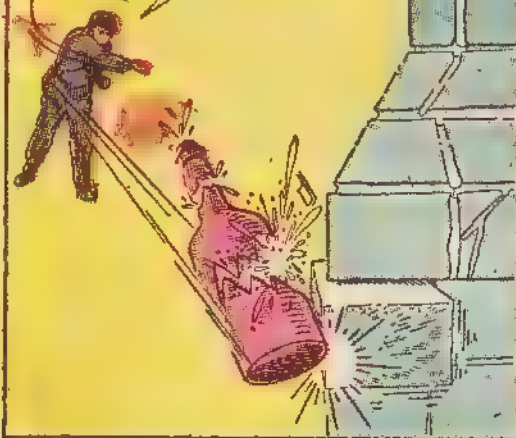


WITH A THIRST BORN OF FRIGHT AND DESPERATION, CARRACK RESUMED HIS DRINKING. THE NEXT DAY SAURA HAD STILL NOT RETURNED.

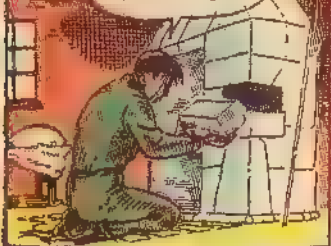
SNAKES!
I GOTTA WATCH MYSELF! I'M THINKIN' PEOPLE ARE TURNIN' INNA 'SNAKES! DISGUSTIN'! WONDER WHERE SHE IS, ANYWAY?



NO MORE LIQUOR--
NO MORE SNAKES!
I'M THROUGH!



THIS BRICK CAME LOOSE
AWFULLY EASY! MAYBE
SHE'S GOT A CACHE
IN HERE!



SURE ENOUGH! JEWELS
WORTH A FORTUNE!



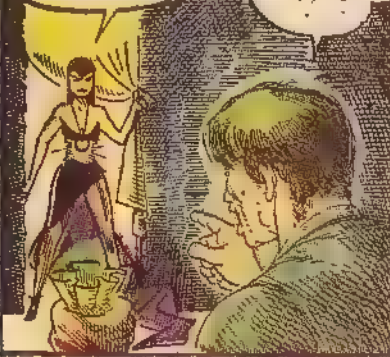
I'M RICH! I
NOW TO
SCREAM OUT
OF HERE AND
BACK TO
CIVILIZATION!



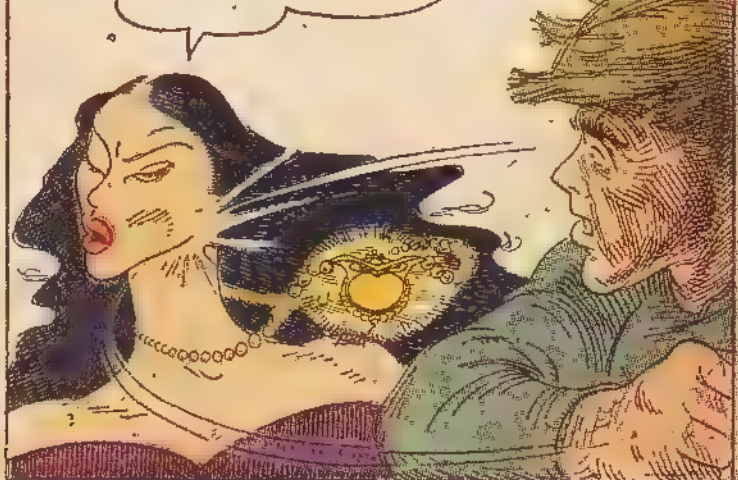
SUDDENLY, JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT
TO LEAVE, SAURA APPEARED IN THE
DOORWAY...

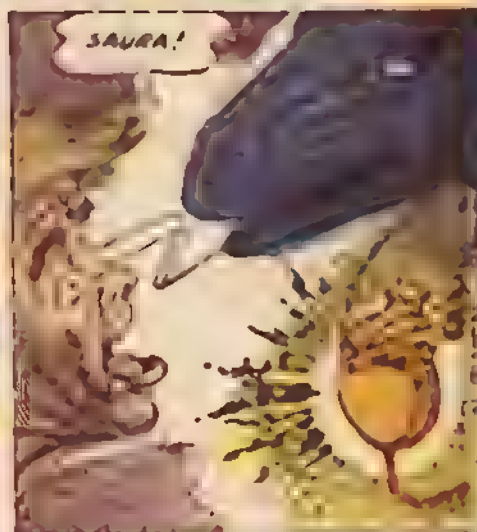
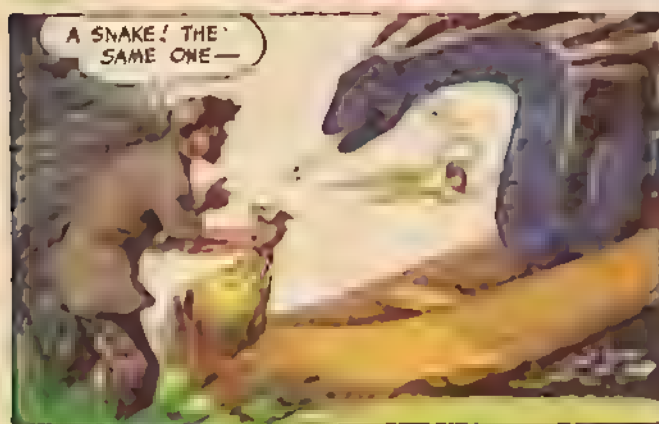
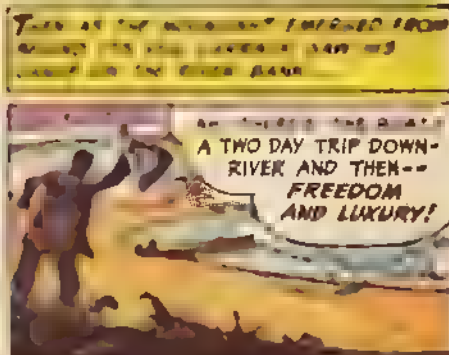
STAY WHERE
YOU ARE,
JOHN CARRACK!

OUTA
MY WAY,
YOU!



YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME, YOU FOOL!
OOOH!





The *Wonderful Wizard*

DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME

BORN IN SCOTLAND IN 1833 DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME WAS BROUGHT TO AMERICA AT THE AGE OF NINE! WHEN HE WAS THIRTEEN, HE SAW A VISION!

THE VISION WAS THAT OF A SCHOOL CHILD AND HOME INTERPRETED HIS MOVEMENTS AS MEANING THE BOY HAD DIED THREE DAYS EARLIER

AT HOME ANNOUNCED THAT A VISION TOLD HIM THAT HIS MOTHER WOULD DIE AT 42 AFTER HER DEATH, AS PROPHESED, HE CLAIMED TO BE IN COMMUNICATION WITH HER!



MARY DANIEL WAS RIGHT, EDNA DIED THREE DAYS AGO!

B-BUT HOW COULD HE HAVE KNOWN? NO ONE IN THE VILLAGE WAS TOLD UNTIL TODAY?



YES... MOTHER... I... HEAR... YOU...

AT THE SAME TIME A SERIES OF UNEXPLICABLE HAPPENINGS OCCURRED IN THE HOME HOUSEHOLD! OMINOUS RAPPINGS WERE HEARD AT NIGHT AND FURNITURE MOVED BY ITSELF... EVEN HOME WAS MILDLY ALARMED!

GOOD LORD THAT CHAIR IS MOVING!



A SHORT TIME LATER HOME LAUNCHED ON HIS CAREER AS A MEDIUM HIS FEATS AMAZED AND ASTONISHED PEOPLE ALL OVER AMERICA!

HIS LIGHTED THAT LAMP JUST BY PASSING HIS FINGER TIPS ABOVE IT!



LOOK AT JOHN! LIGHT IS COMING THROUGH HIS BODY!



H-HE'S PICKING UP THAT RED HOT COAL WITH HIS BARE HANDS!



IN 1852, TO HIS SOMEWHAT FRIGHTENED SURPRISE, HOME HAD HIS FIRST CONTACT WITH LEVITATION! IN THE PRESENCE OF SEVERAL WITNESSES, HE WAS SEEN TO RISE AND FLOAT TO THE CEILING!

DEAR LORD, LOOK AT HIM! HE'S FLOATING IN MID-AIR!



BY NOW HOME WAS THE RAGE OF AMERICA! HIS REPUTATION SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE AND WHEREVER HE WENT, STRANGE, UNBELIEVABLE THINGS TOOK PLACE.

THE ACCORDION! IT'S PLAYING BY ITSELF!

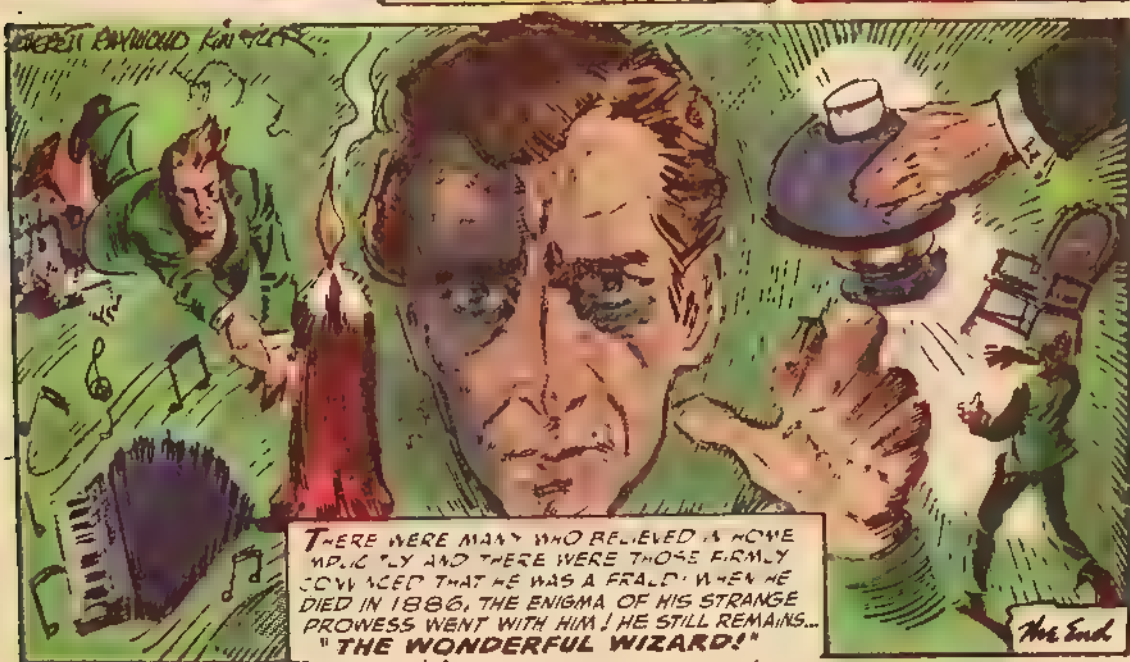
AND IT CAN'T BE A TRICK! IT'S MY ACCORDION! I BROUGHT IT HERE TONIGHT!



IN 1867 HOME PERFORMED THE MOST SPECTACULAR FEAT OF HIS CAREER! VIA THE WINDOWS, HE FLOATED FROM ONE ROOM TO ANOTHER OF A THREE STORY BUILDING! WITNESSES SWORE THAT HIS BODY WAS SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR, 70 FEET FROM THE GROUND!



HOME'S ADMIRERS INCLUDED SUCH PROMINENT PERSONALITIES AS THE CZAR OF RUSSIA, PRINCE METTERNICH, WILHELM II, MARK TWAIN, WM. CULLEN BRYANT AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING; HE NEVER ACCEPTED MONEY FOR HIS SEANCES... BUT 'GIFTS' OF JEWELS WERE WELL RECEIVED!



THERE WERE MANY WHO BELIEVED A HOME MIGHTY AND THERE WERE THOSE FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT HE WAS A FRAUD! WHEN HE DIED IN 1886, THE ENIGMA OF HIS STRANGE PROWESS WENT WITH HIM! HE STILL REMAINS... "THE WONDERFUL WIZARD!"

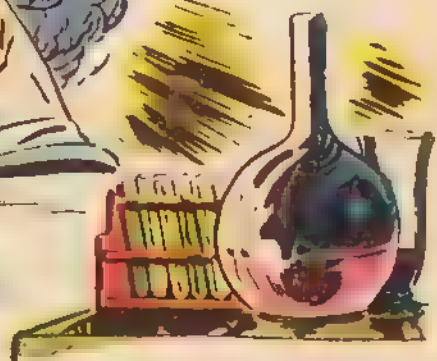
The End

The QUIVERING BRAIN!



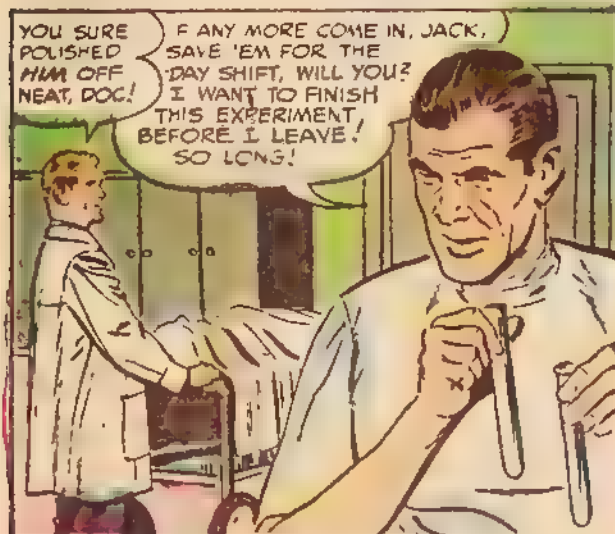
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A BRAIN THAT WANTS TO GO ON LIVING AFTER ITS BODY IS DEAD? IF YOU'RE AN AUTOPSY PHYSICIAN IN THE POST-MORTEM LAB OF C.T.Y. HOSPITAL, YOUR SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY WON'T LET YOU KILL IT — EVEN THOUGH THE LOATHE-SOME THING CONTRIBUTES TO YOUR INEVITABLE DOOM! I FOUND THAT OUT WHEN I LOST MY SOUL TO...

THE QUIVERING BRAIN!



THE AUTOPSY I HAD JUST FINISHED HAD GONE LIKE ANY OTHER... EFFICIENTLY, BUT QUICKLY... FOR I WAS ANXIOUS TO GET BACK TO MY INTERRUPTED EXPERIMENT!

AS I CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND THE ORDERLY, I SEEMED TO DETECT A LOW MURMUR IN THE LAB, AS THOUGH SOMEONE WERE HUMMING!



YOU SURE POLISHED HIM OFF NEAT, DOC!

F ANY MORE COME IN, JACK, SAVE 'EM FOR THE 'DAY SHIFT, WILL YOU? I WANT TO FINISH THIS EXPERIMENT BEFORE I LEAVE! SO LONG!



WHAT'S THAT?! HELLO?!

I LISTENED INTENTLY FOR A MOMENT AND TRACED THE HUM TO A PAN OF SOLUTION I'D BEEN USING IN SOME TESTS!

GOOD HEAVENS! I MUST HAVE TOSSED THAT CADAVER'S BRAIN INTO THIS TRAY WITHOUT REALIZING IT! BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO IT! THE COLOR HAS RETURNED AND... THERE'S A DEFINITE PULSATION! AND IT'S TRIPLED IN SIZE! BUT THOSE SOUNDS...

I WAS STAGGERED AT MY GOOD FORTUNE! I HAD BEEN TRYING FOR YEARS TO PERFECT A SOLUTION TO REGENERATE CELL TISSUE AND BY A FREAKISH ACT OF CARELESSNESS, I HAD FOUND THE ANSWER! THE HOURS FLEW BY AS I STUDIED THE PHENOMENON!

IT WORKS! SOLUTION 24 IS THE ANSWER! I'VE MADE THIS BRAIN LIVE AGAIN! APPARENTLY THE BRAIN ABSORBS THE SOLUTION AS IT NEEDS IT! BUT WHAT DO THOSE CRIES MEAN?

PERHAPS IT'S TRYING TO COMMUNICATE... TELEPATHICALLY... OR THROUGH ELECTRICAL IMPULSES! I WONDER IF THOSE CRIES COULD BE FOR MORE SOLUTION? IT'S ALMOST ALL GONE...

YES, IT MUST BE! THE CRIES WERE LOUDER THEN! ALMOST AS IF IT WERE ANSWERING! I'LL MAKE MORE SOLUTION! I'VE GOT TO KEEP IT ALIVE!

GOOD MORNING, DARLING! I— GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT MONSTER DID YOU TAKE THAT FROM!

JANE EVANS WAS NOT ONLY THE DAY SURGEON, BUT ALSO MY FIANCEE! AS I QUICKLY COMPOSED MORE SOLUTION 24, I TOLD HER WHAT HAD HAPPENED!

OH, REX, I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOUR SUCCESS... BUT ARE YOU SURE IT'S...? WELL, IT IS A LITTLE HORRIFYING FOR A BRAIN TO HAVE LIFE... BUT NO BODY!

LIFE IN ANY FORM IS NEVER HORRIFYING, DARLING!

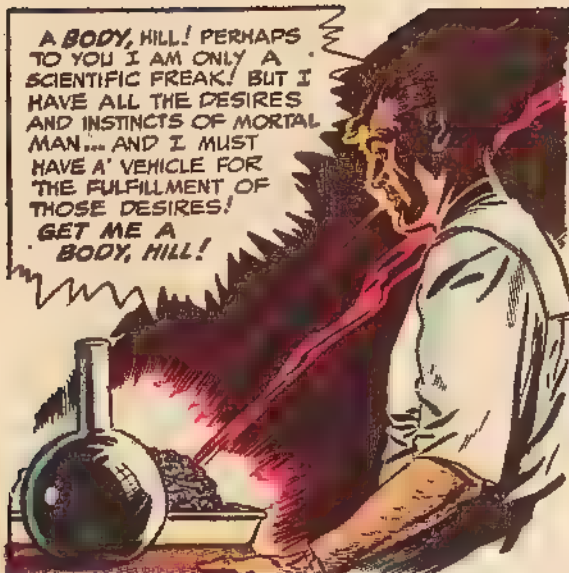
THERE... THAT SHOULD KEEP THE OLD BOY KICKING FOR A WHILE LONGER! I WONDER IF THE SIZE WILL KEEP INCREASING OR...

NO! IF IT DID, HOW WOULD I EVER FIT IN A BODY AGAIN?

DID YOU... SAY... SOMETHING, JANE? I... THOUGHT I DIDN'T SAY A WORD, DARLING! THIS MONSTER HAS MADE ME SPEECHLESS!

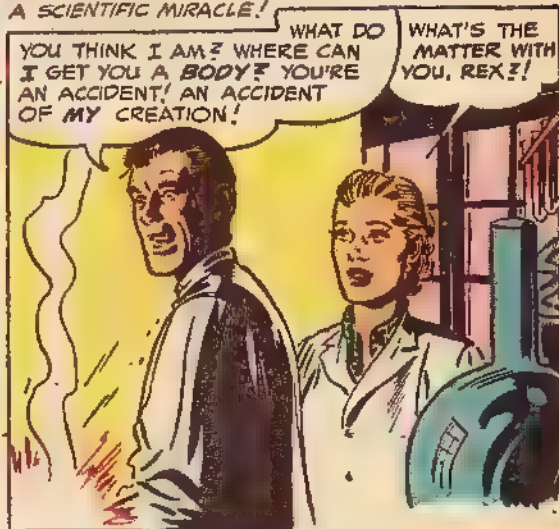
I'M TALKING TO YOU, HILL... TELEPATHICALLY! DR. EVANS CAN'T HEAR ME! YOU ALONE ARE ON MY WAVE LENGTH, SO TO SPEAK!

MENTAL TELEPATHY! OF COURSE! GO AHEAD. WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?



A BODY, HILL! PERHAPS TO YOU I AM ONLY A SCIENTIFIC FREAK! BUT I HAVE ALL THE DESIRES AND INSTINCTS OF MORTAL MAN... AND I MUST HAVE A VEHICLE FOR THE FULFILLMENT OF THOSE DESIRES! GET ME A BODY, HILL!

MY ASTONISHMENT AT THE MACABRE REQUEST WAS MITIGATED BY MY IMMENSE PLEASURE AT A SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE!



WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM? WHERE CAN I GET YOU A BODY? YOU'RE AN ACCIDENT! AN ACCIDENT OF MY CREATION!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, REX?!

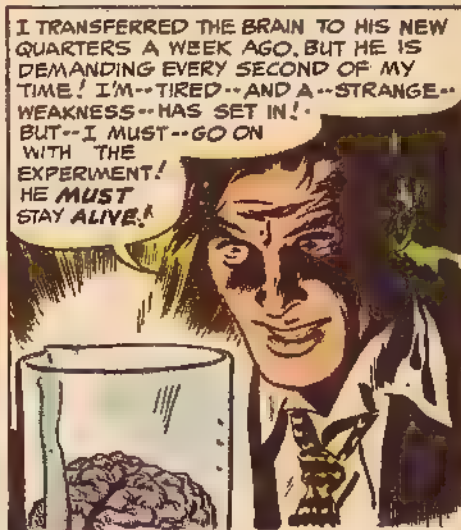


THE BRAIN IS USING THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE TO TALK TO ME! HE WANTS A BODY! IMAGINE... A BODY!!

OH, REX! I'M FRIGHTENED! GET RID OF THIS... THING! STOP YOUR EXPERIMENT BEFORE...



DON'T WORRY, JANE! NOTHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN! I'M IN CONTROL OF THIS DISEMBODIED BIT OF LIFE! I'M GOING TO CONTINUE THE EXPERIMENT... BUT THE ONLY BODY MR. BRAIN WILL GET IS A BEAUTIFUL NEW BELL-JAR!



I TRANSFERRED THE BRAIN TO HIS NEW QUARTERS A WEEK AGO, BUT HE IS DEMANDING EVERY SECOND OF MY TIME! I'M--TIRED--AND A--STRANGE--WEAKNESS--HAS SET IN! BUT--I MUST--GO ON WITH THE EXPERIMENT! HE MUST STAY ALIVE!

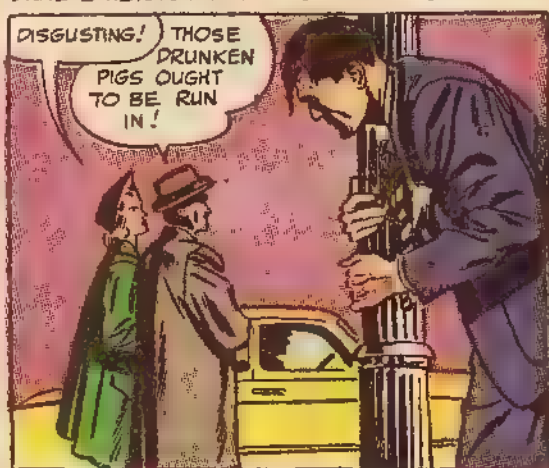
THEN ONE NIGHT, SOMETHING WHICH WAS SO ALIEN TO MY NATURE AS TO BE LUDICROUS OCCURRED! I WENT ON A BLIND, RAVING DRUNK!

THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF MANY SUCH EPISODES! ALMOST BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS FAST BECOMING ENSLAVED BY A DEGENERATE DRIVE I NEVER KNEW I POSSESSED!

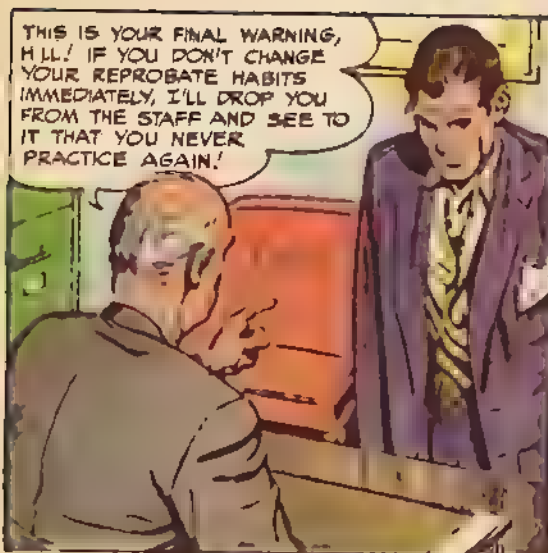


GEE, DOC, SNAP OUT OF IT! IF THE CHIEF GETS A WHIFF OF YOU, YOU'LL BE CANNED!

DON'T WORRY YOUR LI'L OLD HEAD 'BOUT LI'L OLD ME, JACK! JUSH MIN' YER OWN BUSINESS 'N LEMME ALONE!



DISGUSTING! THOSE DRUNKEN PIGS OUGHT TO BE RUN IN!

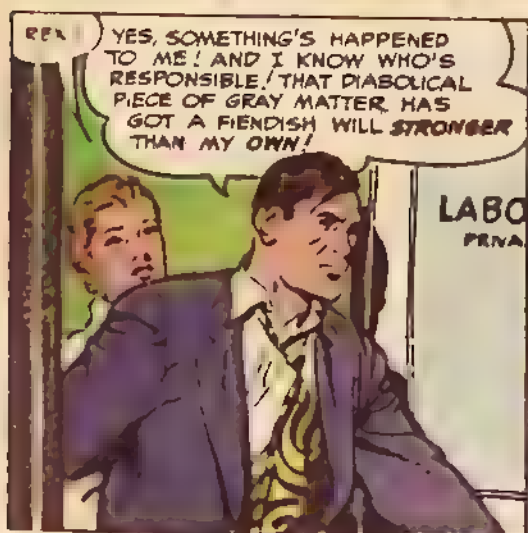


THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING, HILL! IF YOU DON'T CHANGE YOUR REPROBATE HABITS IMMEDIATELY, I'LL DROP YOU FROM THE STAFF AND SEE TO IT THAT YOU NEVER PRACTICE AGAIN!



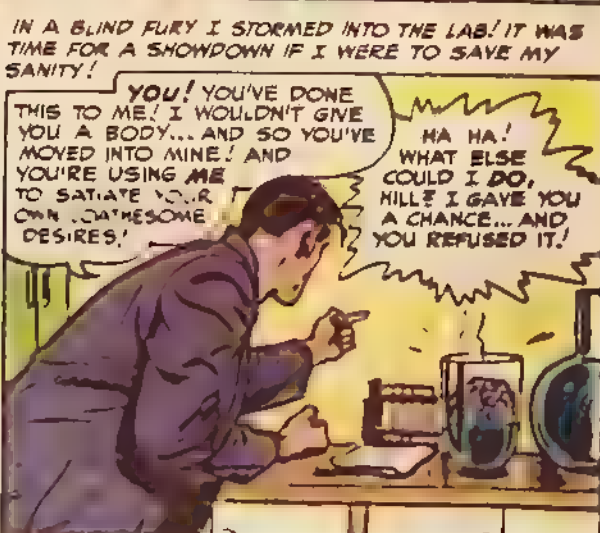
REX, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? WON'T YOU LET ME HELP, DARLING?

STAY AWAY FROM ME, JANE! I... I'M NO GOOD! I... SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO ME!



REX YES, SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO ME! AND I KNOW WHO'S RESPONSIBLE! THAT DIABOLICAL PIECE OF GRAY MATTER HAS GOT A FIENDISH WILL STRONGER THAN MY OWN!

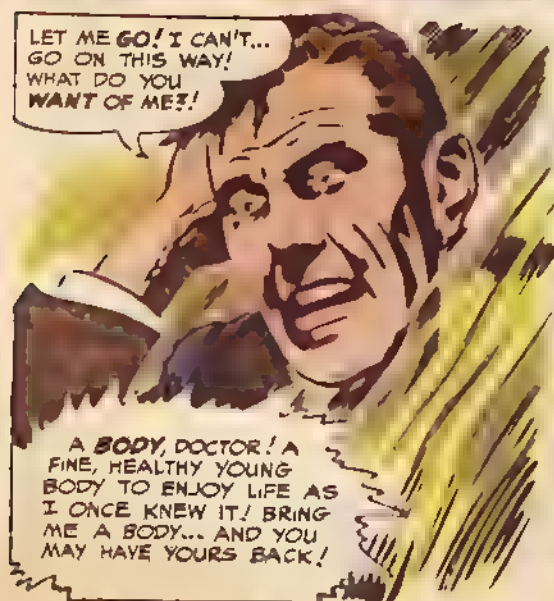
LABO
PRNA



IN A BLIND FURY I STORMED INTO THE LAB! IT WAS TIME FOR A SHOWDOWN IF I WERE TO SAVE MY SANITY!

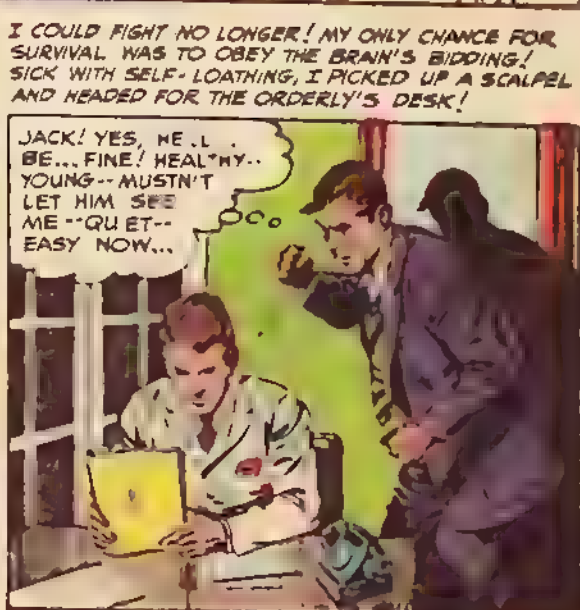
YOU! YOU'VE DONE THIS TO ME! I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU A BODY... AND SO YOU'VE MOVED INTO MINE! AND YOU'RE USING ME TO SATIATE YOUR OWN LOATHSOME DESIRES!

HA HA! WHAT ELSE COULD I DO, HILL? I GAVE YOU A CHANCE... AND YOU REFUSED IT!



LET ME GO! I CAN'T... GO ON THIS WAY! WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?!

A BODY, DOCTOR! A FINE, HEALTHY YOUNG BODY TO ENJOY LIFE AS I ONCE KNEW IT! BRING ME A BODY... AND YOU MAY HAVE YOURS BACK!



I COULD FIGHT NO LONGER! MY ONLY CHANCE FOR SURVIVAL WAS TO OBEY THE BRAIN'S BIDDING! SICK WITH SELF-LOATHING, I PICKED UP A SCALPEL AND HEADED FOR THE ORDERLY'S DESK!

JACK! YES, HE... BE... FINE! HEALTHY... YOUNG-- MUSTN'T LET HIM SEE ME-- QUIET-- EASY NOW...

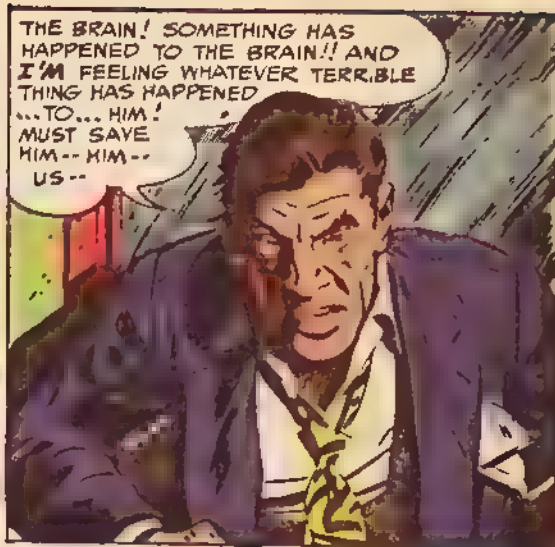
I WAS WITHIN INCHES OF MY SALVATION! I RAISED THE SCALPEL TO STRIKE, WHEN SUDDENLY A BLINDING PAIN SEARED THROUGH MY AGONIZED BRAIN...

OH, THE PAIN... TERRIBLE... I CAN'T...

HELP!
EEEEEE
HELP-P-P!!!



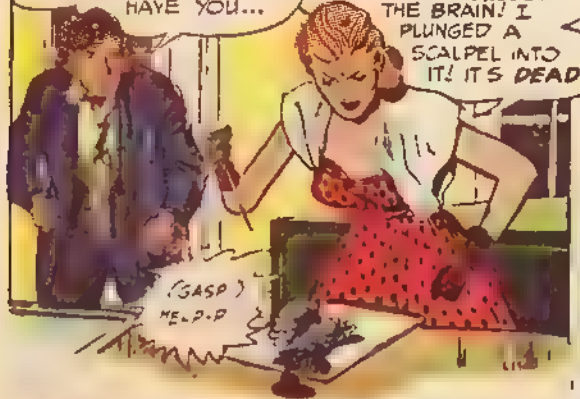
THE BRAIN! SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO THE BRAIN!! AND I'M FEELING WHATEVER TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED ...TO... HIM! MUST SAVE HIM-- HIM-- US--



I STAGGERED WEAKLY BACK TO THE LAB WHERE MY EYES TOOK IN A SICKENING PANORAMA!

THE BRAIN... HELP... I... (GASP!) JANE! WHAT HAVE YOU...

I'VE KILLED IT! DO YOU HEAR, REX! I KILLED THE BRAIN! I PLUNGED A SCALPEL INTO IT! IT'S DEAD!



NO! YOU MURDERER! I'LL KILL YOU!

REX! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! REX!!



(GASP!) HURRY... KILL HER... BUT HURRY... THE BODY... JANE'S BODY... GET IT FOR ME... HURRY

THE BRAIN... IT'S NOT DEAD! LOOK! THE WOUND... IT'S CLOSING!



MY MIND REELED WITH CONFUSION! THE BRAIN WAS ADAPTING TO ITS WOUND! THE GAPING HOLE WAS CLOSING RAPIDLY! IT WOULD NOT DIE YET IT GASPED AS THOUGH IT WERE IN THE DEATH-THROES!

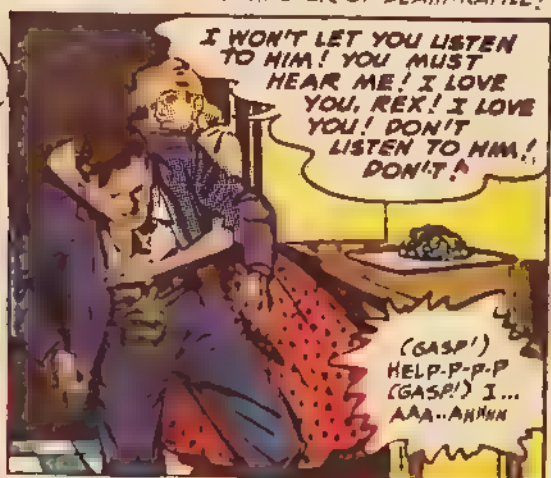
I... I CAN'T THINK! I... JANE...



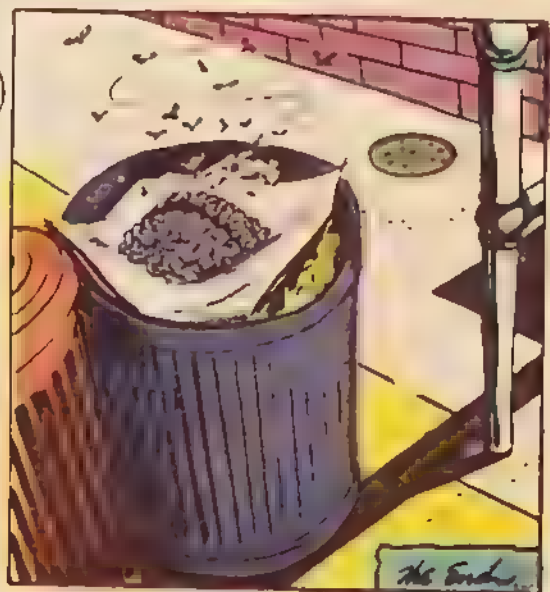
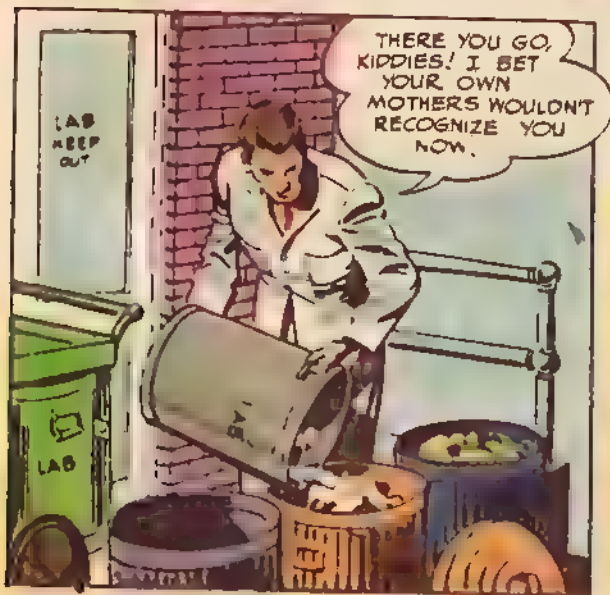
HURRY... (GASP!) THE SOLUTION... ALL-- GONE-- I'M DYING-- STARVING-- KILL HER-- THEN FOOD-- HURRY.. (GASP!)

OUR RECENT CAROUSING HAD MADE THE BRAIN AND MYSELF FORGET ABOUT REPLENISHING THE IMPORTANT LIFE-GIVING SOLUTION...

MY MIND WAS TRAPPED IN A DIZZYING WHIRLPOOL AND SOMEWHERE A GIRL'S VOICE SCREAMED OVER THE WHISPER OF DEATH-RATTLE!



HOURS LATER, I OPENED MY EYES... TO SEE JANE'S LOVELY FACE LOOKING DOWN AT ME! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WEEKS IT WAS IN REPOSE!



The WITCHES' SABBATH

THIS WEIRD RITE DATES BACK TO THE DAWN OF TIME AND IS STILL SECRETLY PRACTICED. THE WITCHES AND SORCERERS GATHER IN A SECRET GROVE AND PERFORM ORBINE RITUALS AND SPELLS. THE SABBATH IS CLIMAXED BY A HUMAN SACRIFICE TO THE DARK MASTER, SATHANAS!

THE WITCHES AND SORCERERS ARE SAID TO MEET IN WILDS AND ASSEMBLE AROUND THE GREAT STATUE OF SATAN IN MONTAIGNA S. MALE AND A SALAMANDER OF FIRE HEARD IS CONSIDERED UP TO LIGHT THE SACRIFICIAL FIRE.

THE WITCHES ARE THEN MADE TO ADOPT THE FORM OF THE DARK MASTER AND THE WITCHES ARE FORCED TO REAR THE DARK MASTER'S CHILDREN ON THE FAST AND FURIOUS.

EACH WITCH HAS A FAVORITE ANIMAL. ANIMALS ARE USED IN A WITCH'S RITUALS AND ARE SAID TO TAKE THE FORM OF ANIMALS TO HELP IN THE CASTING OF SPELLS.

AFTER PERFORMING A SACRIFICIAL RITUAL, THE WITCHES AND SORCERERS ARE SAID TO DANCE AROUND THE FIRE.

AS THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN TOUCH THE STATUE OF SATAN, THE WITCHES AND SORCERERS ARE SAID TO BE DRIVEN FROM THE DARKNESS. THE WITCHES' SABBATH IS OVER!

THE GIANT FIGURE OF SATAN IS SET ABLAZE AND A SACRIFICIAL FIRE IS LIGHTED. THE DARK MASTER TAKES HIS SUBJECTS TO THE DARKNESS.

CHARLES FORT, THE SUPREME DOUBTER

IF YOU believe that scientists and technicians are infallible wizards whose predictions are always right, *don't* read the books of Charles Fort. In fact, if you think that mankind has this earth under full control, and understands all that goes on upon its surface or in the skies overhead, don't read the books of Charles Fort. This astounding sceptic, who became in his own lifetime a legend almost overshadowing the Doubting Thomas of the New Testament, probably startled the minds of cocksure know-it-alls more than any man who ever lived. To this day much of the mass of strange and baffling events and occurrences described in his books remain complete mysteries to the "authorities" who are assumed by the general public to know all about such things.

Flying saucers? Fort's books mention dozens of such strange objects in the sky, reported as being seen long before the current rash of these odd happenings—long before the invention of the airplane or even the balloon, in fact! Sea monsters? Fort's writings describe enough incidents involving unknown denizens of the deep to people the nightmares of all the sailors who ever lived. Strange things falling from the sky, frogs and fish in deserts, red rain, hailstones containing pictures, huge blocks of ice; all these things and hundreds even stranger are reported by Fort in *The Book of The Damned* and three later volumes. But the strangest fact of all is perhaps that, of all the bewildering events set forth in his books, not one can be attributed to Fort's imagination. Each and every happening was selected from newspaper accounts, from the books and memoirs of other persons, or from the pages of history itself. Many of these mysterious happenings were witnessed by literally hundreds of people!

The Book of The Damned first appeared in 1919, and was hailed by no less a critic than Ben Hecht as "a terrible onslaught on the accumulated lunacy of fifty centuries!" In it, scientist and priest, doctor and pundit got their share of doubt and derision, while Fort quoted such incidents as this: All over Europe in February, 1903, there was a fall of some substance from the sky in the form of a fine dust precipitated by rain. It was of various colors ranging from yellowish to reddish, and chem-

ists in several countries could not agree on its composition. However, people *had* to agree that something was falling, for about *ten million tons* had fallen in England alone. And the fall also was reported in scientific journals in Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and in the Atlantic Ocean midway between Southampton, England, and Barbados, British West Indies. Just to make the matter more confusing, the fall was also observed in Australia, where it was quite reddish, and estimated at fifty tons per square mile! The "official" explanation was that the fall was dust from the Sahara Desert, mixed with pollen from plant life, carried down by the rain! And to this day, no better "explanation" has been offered. Nor was the reporting of this event the result of some feature editor's desire to create a sensation. The most reputable scientific journals of the day reported the fall, and results of the various chemical tests.

But after all, a fall of dust, however poorly explained, is just one event. Were there other similar events? Fort described at least forty others, smaller in extent but equally well reported, and equally difficult to explain away as due to what orthodox science calls "natural" causes. These other falls ranged from black and red rains in various parts of the world to small frogs, fish and larvae, worms, unknown edible substances, masses of jelly-like stuff, and even lumps of ice, ranging up to one the size of an elephant, reported in India. Efforts were made to attribute such things to volcanic explosions, dust storms and other causes, but Fort rightly points out that all the "official" explanations are far too weak, considering the quantity of the material and the dates. Indeed, reports of such falls are studded through history almost to prehistoric times.

But let's look at another phenomenon reported in *The Book of The Damned*. In the region near the Persian Gulf in the Indian Ocean, the log books of many ships report seeing vast streamers of light like huge spokes of an underwater wheel revolving in the sea beneath their keels. These accounts were reported in such scientific journals as *Nature* and *Astronomy*, but passed off with the explanation that they *must* be due to phosphorescence. This

explanation by the ranking natural scientists of the day might have "explained" a little better, had not many of the captains with years of experience in those waters stated specifically that they drew up buckets of the water, and found no evidence of phosphorescence. Nor has there ever been reported a single example of actual phosphorescence taking the shape of a regular spoked wheel, and revolving

Or let Fort tell a little of his collection of "flying saucer" happenings, as we now describe them. Such appearances of moving lights and objects in the sky have been reported steadily throughout recorded history, sometimes having been witnessed by hundreds of people. As a single example, Fort reprints an account by a Mr. E. W. Maunder in the 500th issue of *Observatory* magazine (British) of the passage of a great cigar-shaped vessel through the sky on the night of November 17th, 1882. "Had the incident occurred a third of a century later," said Fort, "beyond doubt everyone would have selected the same simile—it would have been 'just like a Zeppelin'." But airplanes and Zeppelins were unknown in those days and current scientific opinion stubbornly insisted that the object was due to the Northern Lights!

This is only one instance of dozens of similar occurrences recorded by Fort, each one reported in the scientific journals of the day, usually as eyewitness accounts by several reputable persons, including scientists themselves. Fort painstakingly searched out these reports of mysterious and unexplainable events, spending twenty-six years searching back files of scientific journals and newspapers. In *The Book of The Damned* he presented a challenge to "authorized" science that has never been refuted. Indeed, the excitement generated by his first book among a small group of people led him to issue a second book in 1923. This was called *New Lands*, and contained, in addition to accounts of objects seen moving through the sky and strange lights under the sea, descriptions of strange animals leaving tracks in snow unlike those of any known earthly animal, mysterious lights and sounds connected with earthquake shocks, and many equally baffling events. But in *New Lands*, Fort went further, and pointed out not only the lack of "scientific" explanation of these events, but also described many, many instances when, by their own records, the predictions of scientists had been completely wrong. And to make matters more startling, Fort chose to attack particularly the science of astronomy, generally regarded as the most exact

of all! For just one example, the "discovery" of the planet Neptune by calculations based on the irregular motion of Uranus, the planet nearest it was hailed as an astronomer's triumph. Yet the calculations placed the planet about 37 times the earth's distance from the sun, while it was actually about 30 times the earth's distance away when first actually seen. This error of something like 670,000,000 miles was so great that the *American Journal of Science* refused to concede that the "discovery" proved the calculations were correct. Fort gleefully seized on dozens of similar faults in astronomers' predictions of the return of comets, planets nearer the sun than Mercury, the companion star of Sirius, and reported them with full documentation in the astronomers' own writings.

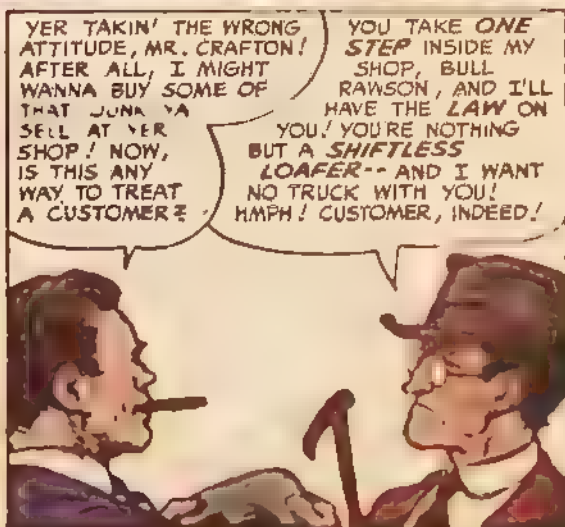
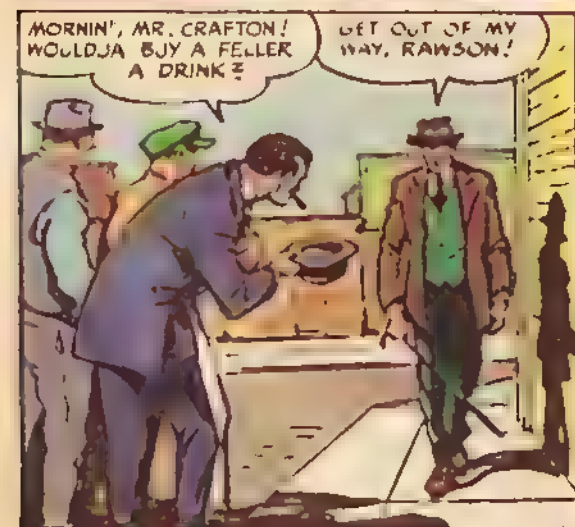
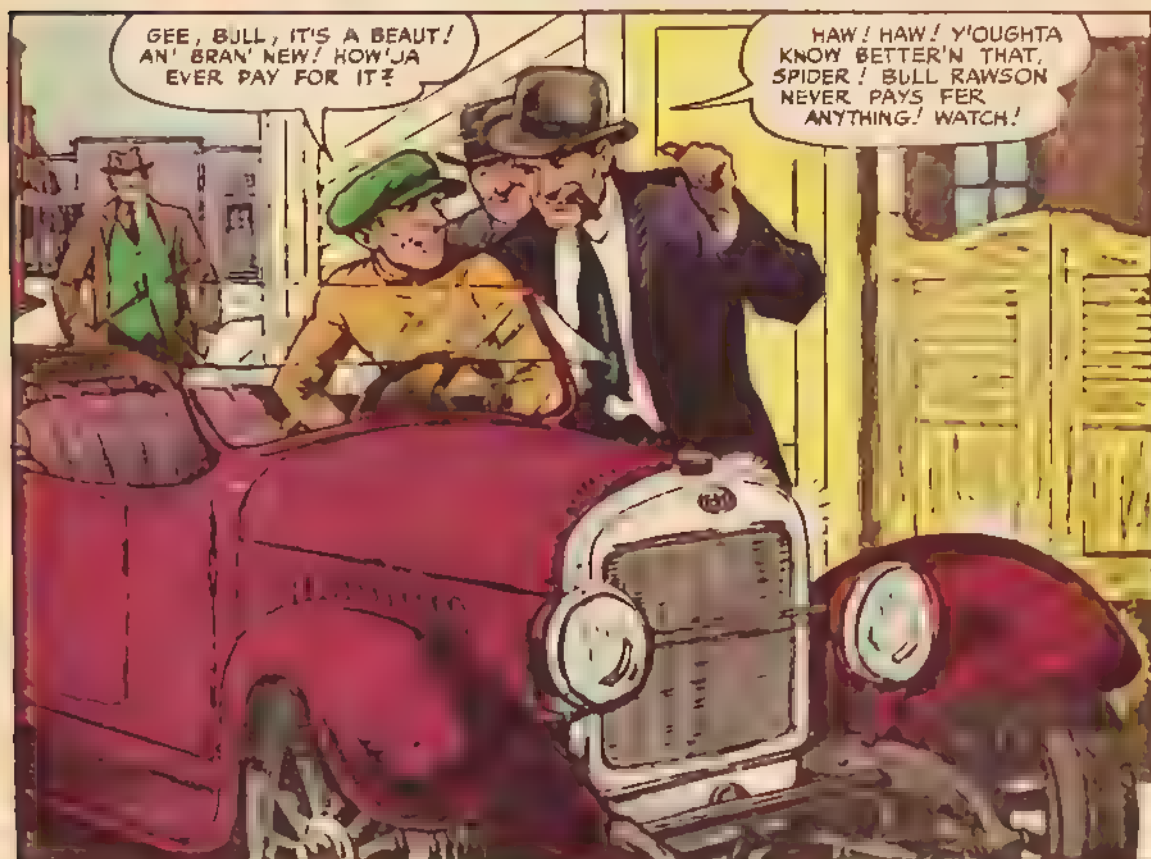
By this time, Fort had acquired a following, many of whom were men of high reputation and standing. His works were argued violently by people who supported the infallibility of orthodox science, yet they could not be disproven. In 1931, the third of his four books appeared. This was called *Lo!* and went even further in its attack on conventional explanations of strange events. In it, Fort brought his accounts most uncomfortably up to date, quoting incidents from the *New York Times* and many equally reputable papers, describing falls of stones from thin air, oil and other liquids dripping from walls with no evidence of human agency, and scores of other strange occurrences. Fort's last book, *Wild Talents*, appeared in 1932, and was devoted mainly to accounts of people apparently possessing unusual powers, such as the ability to cause objects to move at a distance, or produce fires and other strange effects. The famous case of John Lee, who could not be hanged because the trapdoor would not drop under him, although it would drop when any other person stood upon it, is included.

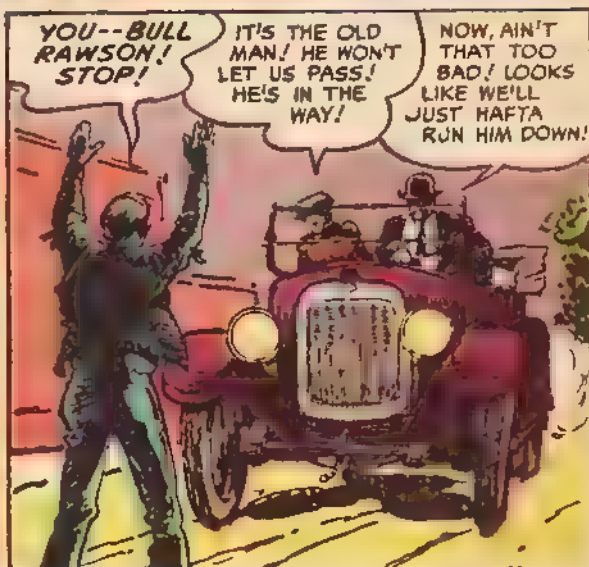
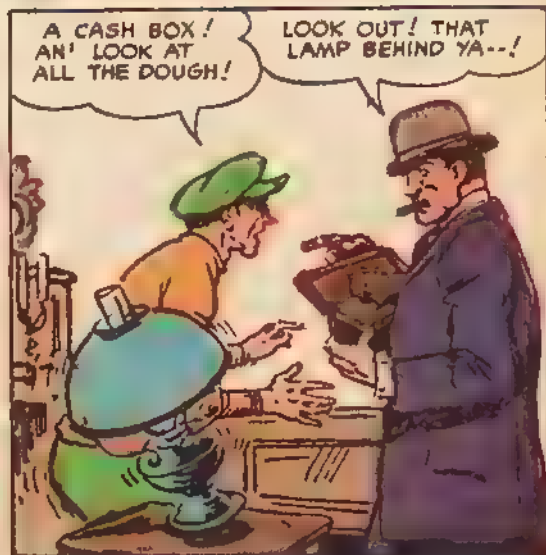
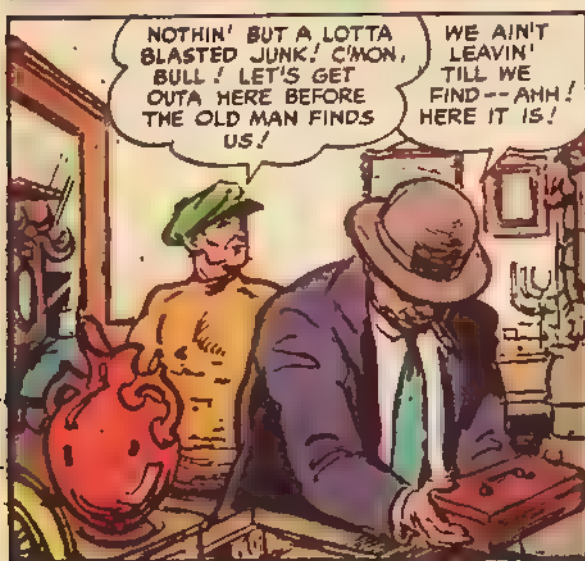
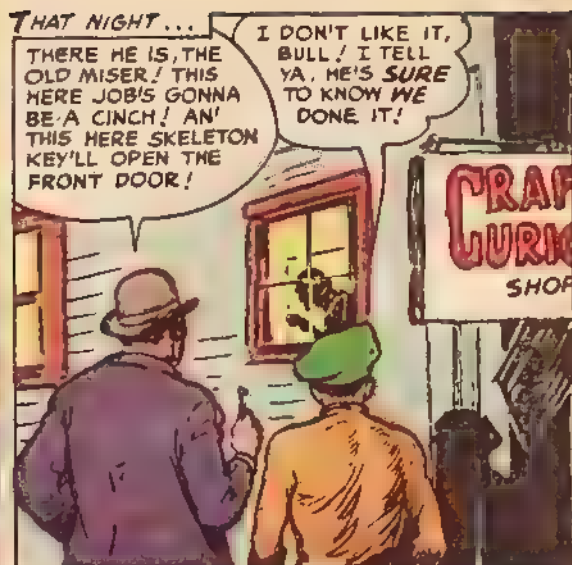
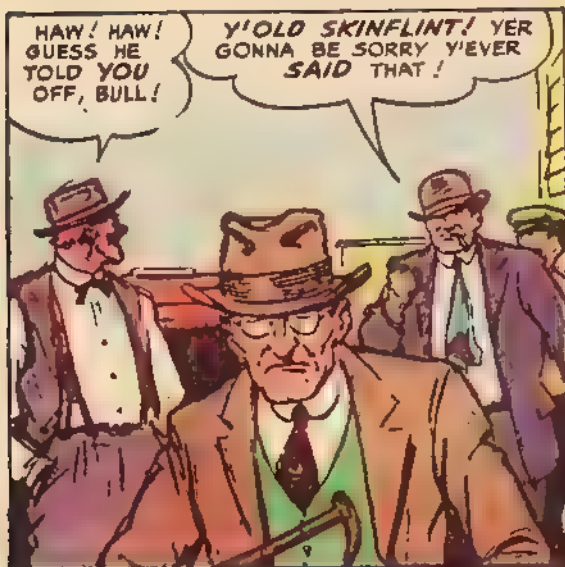
Born in 1874, Fort died May 3rd, 1932, but the Fortean Society, founded in 1931, carries on his attitude of doubt and scepticism. It issues a publication called *Doubt*, and continues to compile records of incidents that are unexplainable by the principles of accepted science. The Fortean Society has numbered among its members Ben Hecht, Booth Tarkington, Tiffany Thayer, Alexander Woolcott, Burton Rascoe and Harry Leon Wilson. Undoubtedly the Forteans are enjoying the current flare of interest in the "new" phenomena of flying saucers and strange lights in the sky, just as Fort would if he were alive today.

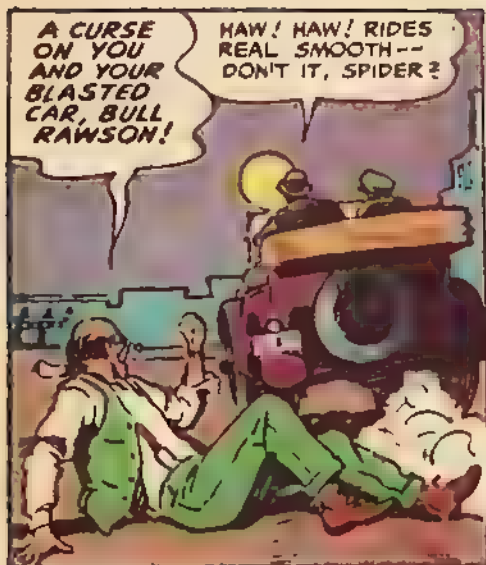
THE END

CRAFTON'S CURSE

THERE IS A STRANGE LEGEND IN THE TOWN OF WUNSFORD, IT CONCERNS A STRANGE CURSE... AND A CAR! PERHAPS SOMEWHERE IN THE RUBBLE OF SOME JUNKYARD, LIES A FRAGMENT OF THAT CAR. BUT HERE IS HOW THE CAR AND ITS OWNER LOOKED, BACK IN THE EARLY 1920'S WHERE OUR STORY BEGINS...

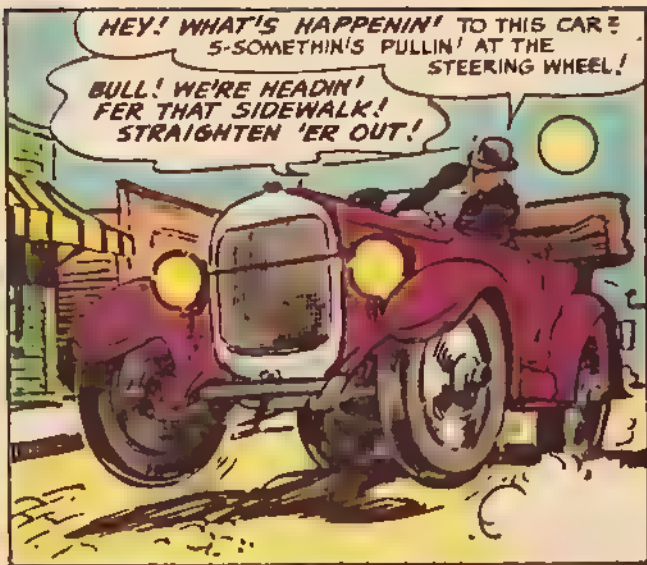






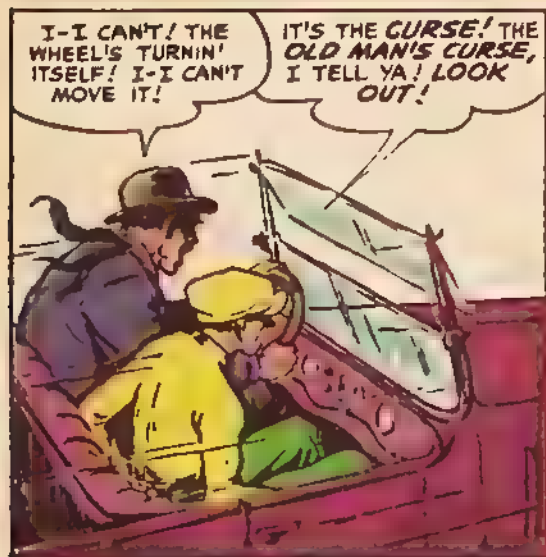
A CURSE
ON YOU
AND YOUR
BLASTED
CAR, BULL
RAWSON!

HAW! HAW! RIDES
REAL SMOOTH--
DON'T IT, SPIDER?



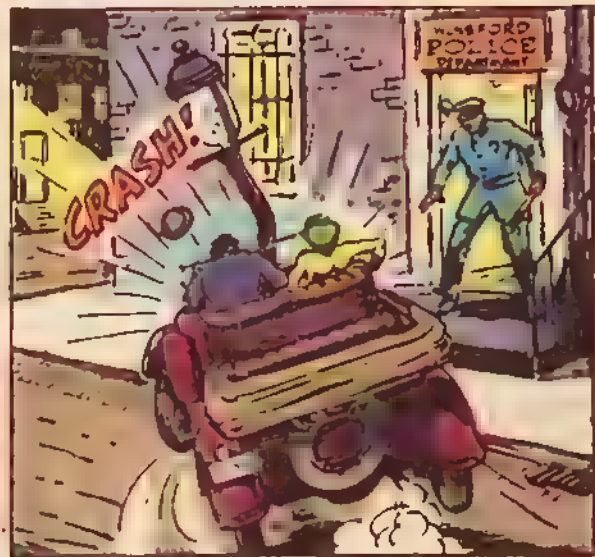
HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO THIS CAR?
S-SOMETHIN'S PULLIN' AT THE
STEERING WHEEL!

BULL! WE'RE HEADIN'
FER THAT SIDEWALK!
STRAIGHTEN 'ER OUT!

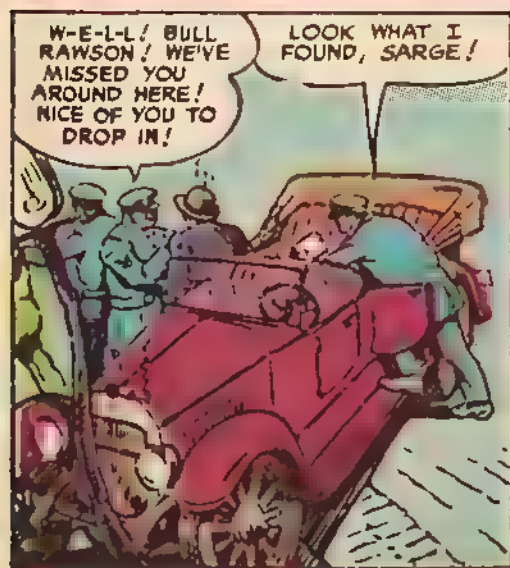


I-I CAN'T! THE
WHEEL'S TURNIN'
ITSELF! I-I CAN'T
MOVE IT!

IT'S THE CURSE! THE
OLD MAN'S CURSE,
I TELL YA! LOOK
OUT!



CRASH!



W-E-L-L! BULL
RAWSON! WE'VE
MISSED YOU
AROUND HERE!
NICE OF YOU TO
DROP IN!

LOOK WHAT I
FOUND, SARGE!

SUDDENLY, A POLICE CAR PULLS UP...

HEY, SARGE! OLD
MAN CRAFTON'S JUST
BEEN ROBBED! TOOK
HIS CASHBOX AN'--

YOU CAN STOP LOOKIN'
FOR THE CROOKS, CASEY!
THESE BOYS WERE NICE
ENOUGH TO SAVE
US THE TROUBLE!

COME
ALONG!



A MONTH LATER...

April 15, 1934

**THUGS SENTENCED
TEN YEARS;
CRAFTON CONFINED
TO WHEEL CHAIR
FOR LIFE**

"Bull" Rawson and John
"Spider" Finney were to-
day sentenced to ten
years in the Prison
for the crime of
kidnaping...

RAWSON SERVED HIS FULL SENTENCE, AND ON THE DAY OF
HIS RELEASE...

YOU'VE PAID YOUR DEBT TO SOCIETY,
RAWSON-- TEN LONG YEARS! THE YEARS REMAINING
CAN BE HAPPY DECENT ONES--- IT'S UP TO YOU!
THIS SLIP WILL ENTITLE YOU TO RECLAIM ALL
THE **LAWFUL POSSESSIONS** TAKEN FROM
YOU WHEN YOU FIRST CAME HERE!

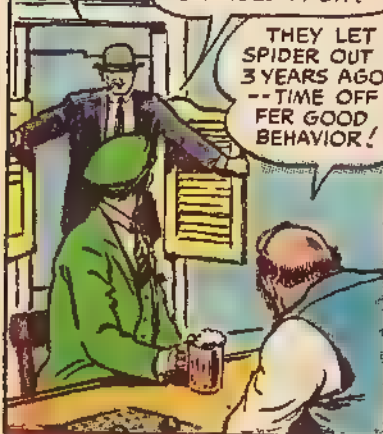


AND THAT NIGHT...

H'YA, SPIDER!
REMEMBER ME?

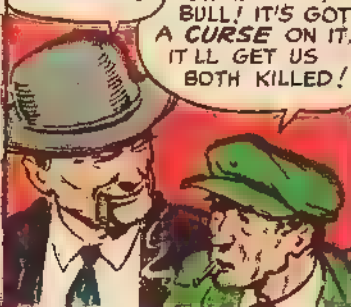
BULL! YER
OUT! 10
YEARS--AN'
YA AIN'T
CHANGED A BIT!

THEY LET
SPIDER OUT
3 YEARS AGO
--TIME OFF
FER GOOD
BEHAVIOR!



GOOD BEHAVIOR! HAW!
HAW! THEY'RE GONNA
CHANGE THEIR MINDS, WHEN
THEY HEAR WHAT I GOT
LINED UP FER US, SPIDER!
THEY GIMME BACK MY CAR,
PAL--AS GOOD
AS NEW! AN'
WE SURE CAN
USE IT FER
THIS JOB!

UH-UH! NOT
ME! I AIN'T
GETTIN' IN
THAT CAR,
BULL! IT'S GOT
A **CURSE** ON IT!
IT'LL GET US
BOTH KILLED!



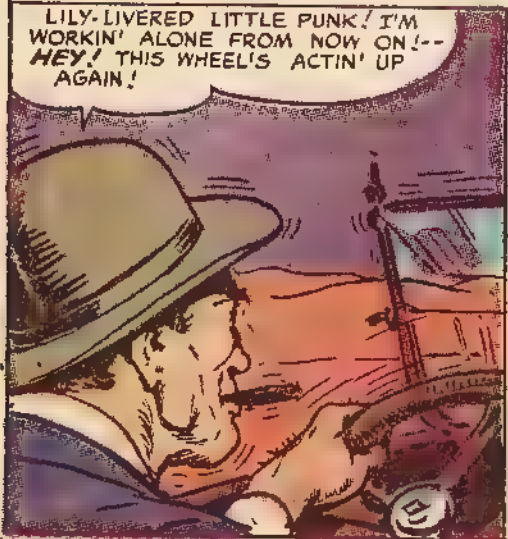
CURSE! DON'T SAY THAT--
Y'HEAR? I'LL PULL THIS JOB
MYSELF! I'LL SHOW YA
WHAT KINDA
CURSE IT'S
GOT!

S-SURE, BULL!
DON'T G-GET
SORE!

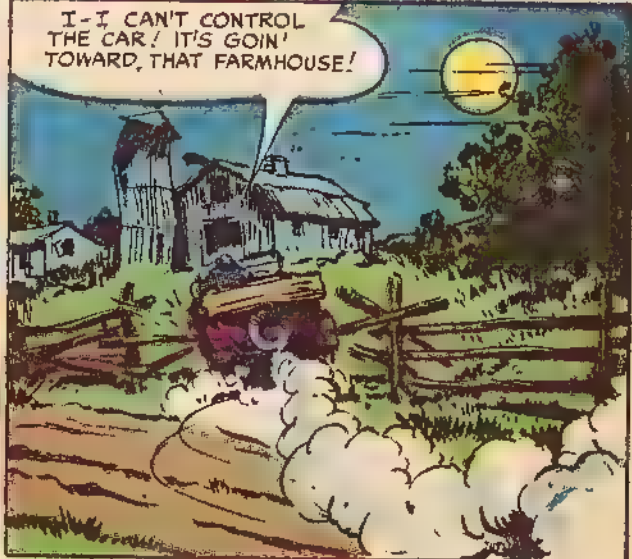


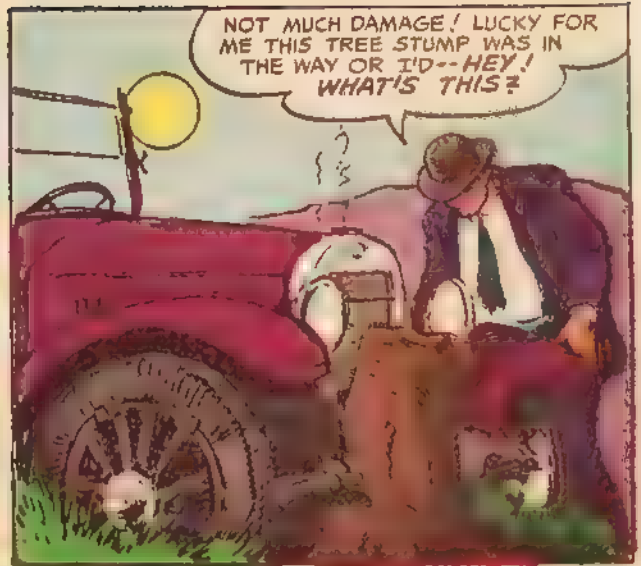
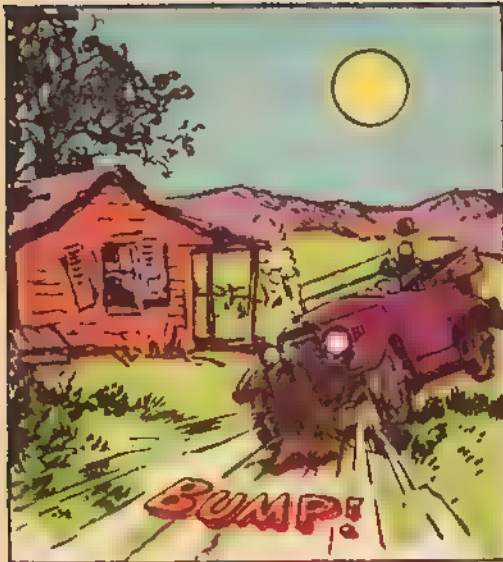
BUT AS BULL DRIVES OFF...

LILY-LIVERED LITTLE PUNK! I'M
WORKIN' ALONE FROM NOW ON!--
HEY! THIS WHEEL'S ACTIN' UP
AGAIN!



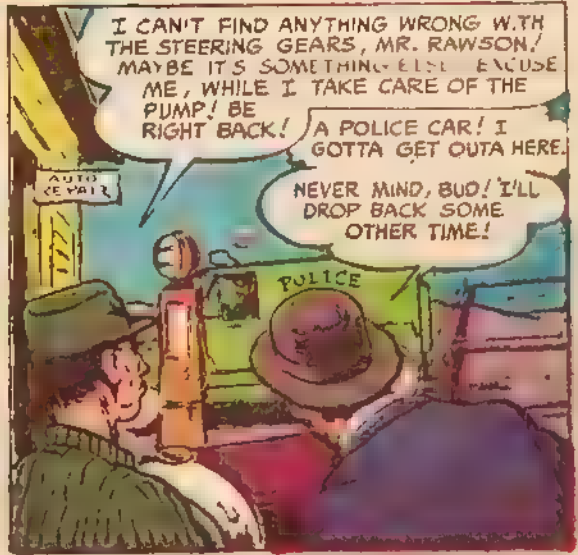
I-I CAN'T CONTROL
THE CAR! IT'S GOIN'
TOWARD THAT FARMHOUSE!





BULL REACHES INTO THE HOLLOW OF THE TREE STUMP AND WHEN HE WITHDRAWS HIS HAND...

MONEY! MORE THAN I EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE! CRAFTON'S CURSE, EH? HAW! HAW! **SOME CURSE!** BUT I'D BETTER GET THAT STEERING WHEEL FIXED--AN' THEN I'M LEAVIN' THIS TOWN... **REAL FAST!**



WASN'T THAT BULL RAWSON WHO JUST PULLED OUT OF HERE?

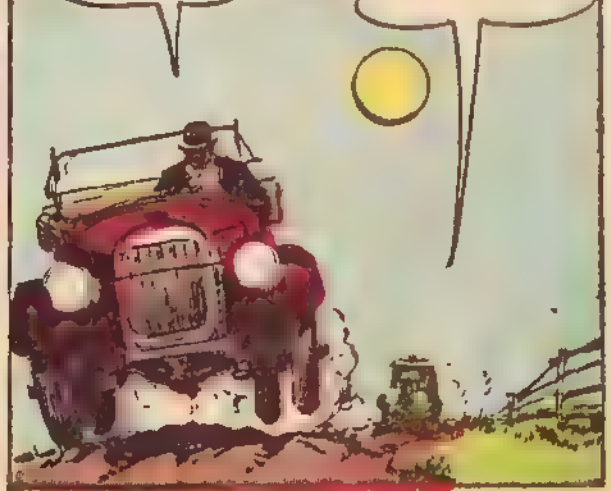
YEAH! HE SEEMED IN KIND OF A HURRY!

HMM! WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO? LET'S FOLLOW HIM!

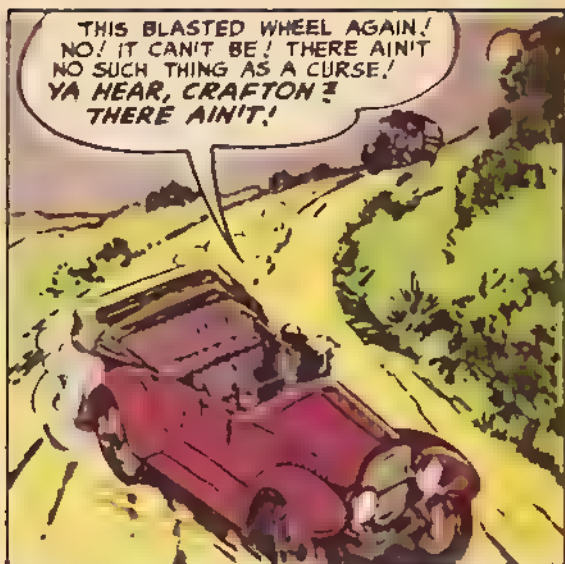


THE COPS! THEY'RE AFTER ME!

THAT OLD HEAP SURE CAN TRAVEL! STEP ON IT, CASEY!

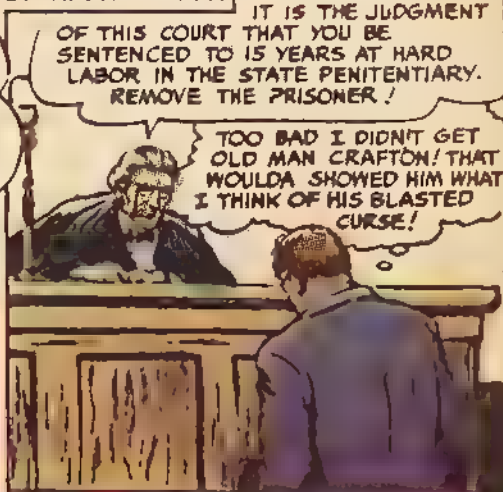
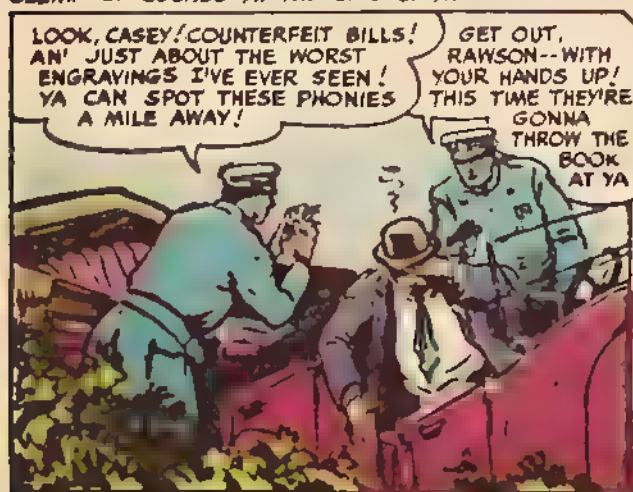


SUDDENLY, A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEARS IN THE PATH OF RAWSON'S ONRUSHING CAR!



IN SPITE OF BULL'S FRANTIC ATTEMPTS TO CONTROL IT, THE CAR SWERVES AND COMES TO A STOP IN A CLUMP OF BUSHES AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD...

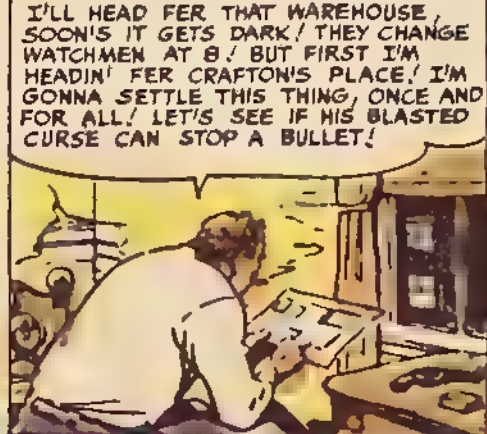
AT HIS TRIAL, BULL IS UNABLE TO CONVINCE THE JURY OF THE TRUTH IN HIS STORY, AND SO...

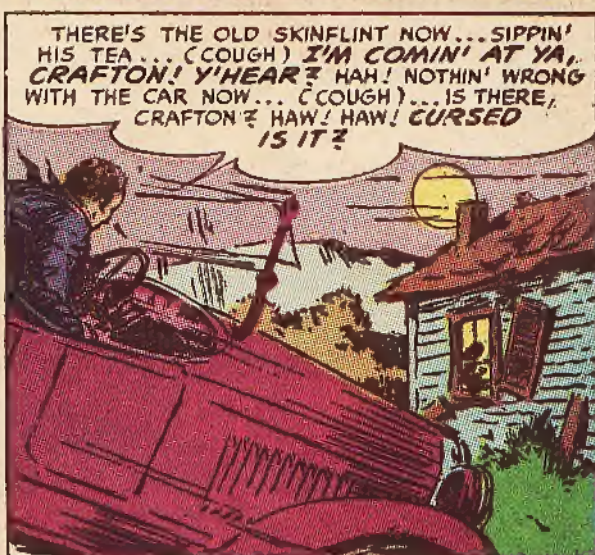
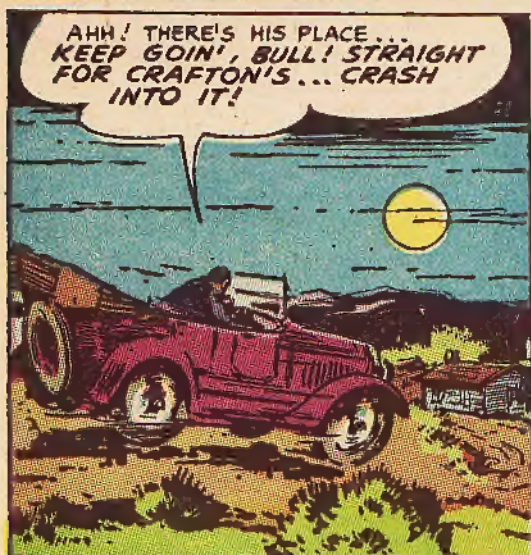
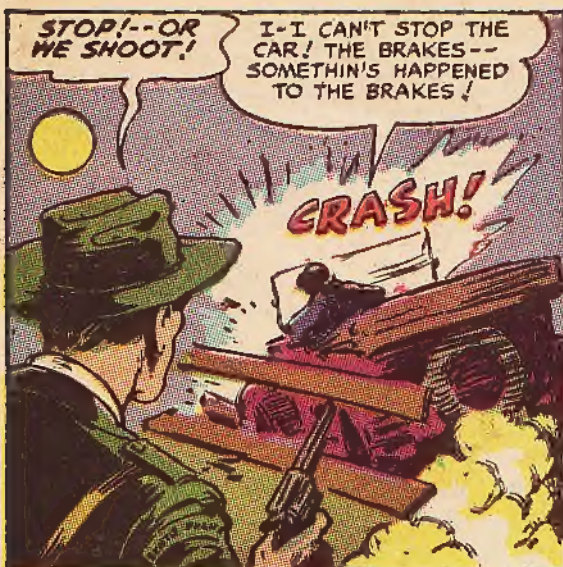


BULL SPENDS THE ENSUING YEARS NURSING HIS OBSESSION--CRAFTON'S CURSE! AND WHEN HE FINALLY EMERGES FROM PRISON...

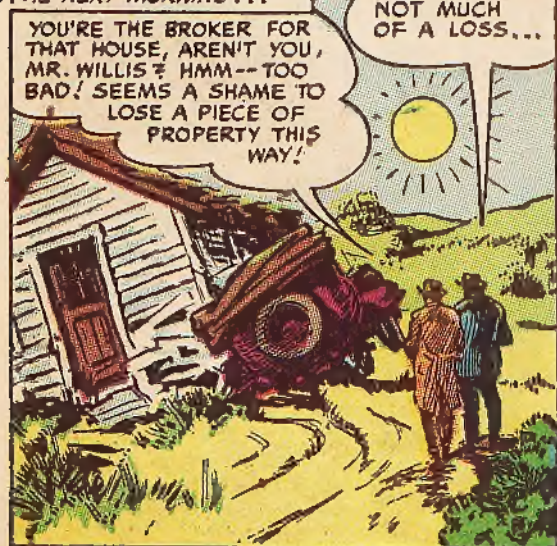
BUT THE LONG YEARS IN PRISON HAVE WROUGHT FEW CHANGES IN BULL'S ATTITUDE. HE SPENDS THE NEXT FEW WEEKS STUDYING THE NEW OPPORTUNITIES HIS WRETCHED CAREER HAS TO OFFER...

MINUTES LATER...





THE NEXT MORNING...



EVERYONE
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"Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment
By every standard the most thrillingly beautiful assortment of exquisite, original, EXCLUSIVE DESIGN Christmas Cards in America! 21 large-size cards—every one different! Sells for only \$1.00—your profit up to 50c.

Famous Nationally Advertised Christmas and Everyday Box Assortments and Personal Christmas Cards

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Pictured here are only three of the more than 40 quality greeting card assortments and other items in the Wallace Brown line. Rush coupon for samples and money-making details.



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WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. D-193
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Please rush at once sample of the "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, and FREE Samples Personal Christmas Cards, with details of complete line and money-making plans.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Send No Money!

MAIL THE COUPON FOR THE BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES!

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COUPON MUST BE MAILED TO WALLACE BROWN, INC., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.